THE PAPER FOR MEN.

THE MODERN MAN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 1. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1908. ONE PENNY.

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THE MODERN MAN

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

No. 1. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

LIFE IN LODGINGS.

PAY, BUT KEEP MOVING.

I shall concern myself exclusively with that class of lodgers who pay a lump sum for both board and lodging. Unquestionably this is the more economical method, for the renting of a room and the paying for separate meals will invariably be found to be costly.

I should say that the first point is to avoid paying too much to your landlady. A comfortable place kept by pleasant people is worth paying a good price for, but lodgings are to most of us merely the place where we sleep, and it is folly to deny ourselves other luxuries in order that we may repose beneath a satin quilt instead of a cotton one. You can get fairly comfortable lodgings for 12s. a week, including everything except washing. This I admit is about the minimum, but I give it as a guide to the novice.

Always settle at the outset exactly what you are going to get for your money, so that you shall not be rushed in for extras. Are your boots to be cleaned? Are you to have a bath as often as you like? These and similar points cause friction if not arranged at the outset.

In regard to washing it is an economical plan to allow your landlady a certain weekly sum for the washing of your underclothing, socks, and soft shirts. Starched things you will want to send to a laundry in any case, but you can generally arrange with her to do the rest considerably cheaper than the laundry would.

Never have any grievances. Simply do not tolerate them. If you find that the chimney of your room smokes, complain at once and insist upon its being cleaned. Insist too on having your meals punctually served. If there is habitual delay you may emphasise the landlady's enormities by replying in a similar manner—by delaying your payments for a few days. Otherwise you should pay at a fixed time each week, for the ready payer gets the best attention.

The question of affability with landladies is a knotty one, and must be settled with reference to the individual concerned. The type who might be called the professional landlady, she who has kept lodgers for years, is generally more attentive if you keep her at a distance; with the slightest familiarity she becomes neglectful, supposing you to be over easy. On the other hand if you are the only lodger in the house, and your landlady is a novice at the game, you will probably best serve your purpose by making yourself as much a member of the family as you can.

There is one point on which you should have a distinct understanding, namely whether you are at liberty to choose your own times of coming in and going out or whether you must conform to the rules of the house.

I should say that moving was one of the secrets of happiness in lodgings. The landlady is always more attentive to the new lodger than to the old one, and a room that is prepared for a newcomer generally has administered to it a very thorough cleaning, a thing that is not always done for the settled lodger. C. FRASER.

SONG OF THE SEA.

Give me a ship all stanch and trim,
With scuppers wide and high,
A pink smokestack and a windy track,
And a captain high and dry.
Give me the smell of the briny waves,
And a bunk by the galley door,
For I'm the darndest sailor man
That ever scrubbed a floor.

Sing me a chantey and sing it loud,
The kind when we reef the gaff,
And we hear the wind from the course behind
In the gallant topsail laugh.
Open the hatch and get me an egg,
I'm as hungry as I can be—
Oh, there's nothing in life, a home, or wife,
That beats the rolling sea!

Give me the heave of the halyards high,
And the foam on her raking rail,
And the tough plum duff and the old man's guff,
And a pint in a battered pail.
Open the starboard portholes wide,
Abaft of the weather beam—
Curse the luck, how those stokers duck
Whenever I want more steam!

Get out you lubbers, you make me sick
With your tales of the briny deep;
Why, shiver my lamps, you're a gang of tramps,
And ought to be put to sleep.
You wouldn't know tar from a pint of rum,
But I to the very core
Am the darndest sailor that ever trod deck
Or scrubbed a galley floor!

R. J. CUTLER.

HAREBRAINED ALFONSO.

Perhaps it is due to his youth, though he is not now so very young; anyhow King Alfonso appears to have but scant notion of the dignity of kingship, and his ministers have endless trouble hushing up the foolish things he does.

Not very long ago he was visiting the house of a Spanish grandee. In the grounds stood a statue on a high pedestal, and nothing would prevent his majesty from climbing up beside it. When he wanted to get down, however, he found that he was unable to do so without assistance, and he had to be helped by his friends.

A press photographer snapped him in this undignified pose, and the photograph was duly printed in a Spanish paper. Next day it was destroyed by Royal decree, but too late; Alfonso had again betrayed himself.

What can we make of another adventure of which he was again the hero? It was during a recent visit to Buckingham Palace. As Queen Alexandra was bidding him good-night he suddenly exclaimed: "I am an acrobat. Would you like to see me perform?"

And with that he turned a series of Royal catherine wheels down the corridor.

High spirits will show themselves, but not in such pointless examples of childish folly as these.

TALES OF THE CADDIE.

Those strong, mysterious links enchain the heart.
—GRAHAME.

One day Lord Rosebery was playing golf on the St. Andrews links, and something familiar about his face attracted the attention of a visitor from the colonies who was playing not far behind him.

The colonial turned to his caddie and asked: "Who's that in front?"

"Dae ye no ken him?" asked the caddie in the greatest surprise. "Man, that's Lord Rosebery. Him and me's the best o' freens. This is a pair o' his aul' breeks I've got on the noo!"

Such is the trumpery thing called fame.

On another occasion a player did so badly on those same links that he lost all patience with the game and made up his mind there and then never more to handle a club.

"Boy," he said in a solemn tone, addressing himself to his caddie, "boy, clean those clubs—yes, clean them as they have never been cleaned before; and throw them into the Swilcan Burn."

But resolutions of this sort are made to be broken.

A week later the player began to think he would like another game, so he wandered back to the links, where he espied his former caddie practising industriously with one of his finest clubs, the others reposing in the bag which lay on the turf behind him.

"Boy," said the golfer, "boy, didn't I tell you to throw those clubs into the Swilcan Burn?"

"Ay, yer honour, ye did that," replied the caddie, "but ye said naething aboot hoo lang I was tae leave them in the water, so I just took them oot again."

And after the exchange of a sovereign the clubs resumed their previous ownership.

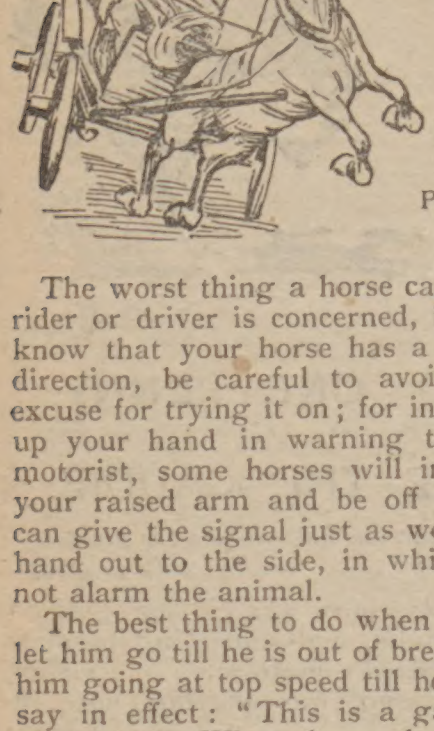
A local big-pot was playing in a foursome on the Dornoch links one day recently, an old Highland retainer acting as his caddie. Presently the laird found his ball nestling behind a stone in a bunker. It was impossible to play it in that position, but no thought of moving the stone presented itself to him. Donal', however, was less scrupulous.

"Maist likely," he remarked, "it would be only a piece of wood."

With that he settled the matter by bestowing on the obstruction a well aimed kick which sent it twenty yards off, and gave the laird a simple way out of his troubles.

Mr. A. C. M. Croome, the well-known golfer, tells a bright story of the caddie as candid critic. He had just finished a rather unfortunate morning on the Westward Ho links, when he happened to overhear another boy ask his caddie the question: "Who was you a-playing against?" "So-and-so," replied the caddie. "Oh," said the other, "I suppose you beat 'ee?" "No," replied the caddie, "us didn't; 'ee beat we; us putted like a blooming monkey."

Then Mr. Croome began to remember that he had publicly blamed Fortune for the result of the game. W. YEOMANS.



Cures for Equine Vice

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE HORSEMAN.

The worst thing a horse can do, so far as its rider or driver is concerned, is to bolt. If you know that your horse has a hankering in this direction, be careful to avoid giving him an excuse for trying it on; for instance, if you hold up your hand in warning to an approaching motorist, some horses will immediately shy at your raised arm and be off like a shot. You can give the signal just as well by holding your hand out to the side, in which position it will not alarm the animal.

The best thing to do when a horse bolts is to let him go till he is out of breath, and then keep him going at top speed till he is ready to drop; say in effect: "This is a game that two can play at!" When he understands that every time he bolts he will inevitably be kept at that speed longer than he likes, he will give it up.

BE READY FOR A FALL.

This course, however, can only be adopted in the country, and there only when there is a straight stretch of road in front. When you know of a turn or a steep hill that makes it imperative to stop, saw his mouth to get the bit from between his teeth, and then pull him up. Failing this, turn him into a hedge, one that is too high for him to jump.

In riding a bolting horse the first thing is to get your feet out of the stirrups so that if thrown by his sudden stopping you will fall clear; see to it also that you don't lose the reins even if you lose the saddle. Never shout to a horse that is beyond control; he will take your summons to stop merely as encouragement to go faster.

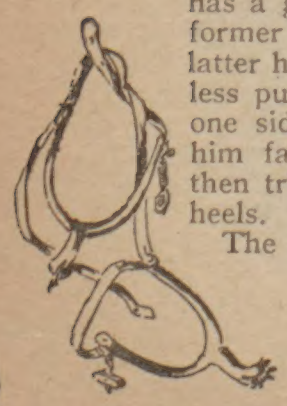
There is the commoner trick of standing stock still. Here there is no danger, but the man on or behind the horse looks foolish. If circumstances allow it, the remedy is to keep the horse standing for twenty minutes after he has got over his fit and wants to be moving again; but the rider has seldom the time for this.

There are several drastic methods of quickly inducing a baulking horse to change his mind, one being to set fire to a newspaper beneath him, the uncomfortable warmth inducing him to move in self-preservation. A more humane plan, and one that will not get you into trouble with the R.S.P.C.A., is to tie a button on a string, drop it into his ear, and fix the other end of the string to the bridle; the tickling of the button will in nine cases out of ten make him move.

NERVOUSNESS OR PRETENCE?

Shying is mostly due to nervousness, and the cure is to accustom the horse to the things he is afraid of. If it be motors or trains, put him to graze for a week in a field beside a busy road or a railway line. If possible, select a narrow field so that he cannot get away from the thing dreaded.

Some horses are more guilty of pretence than fear; they will wheel about at the sight of something they are perfectly familiar with. Then it becomes necessary to settle the matter out of hand, and here, as in all horse fights, the rider has a great advantage over the driver, for the former can use either spur at will, while the latter has to depend on the less easily aimed and less punishing whip. When the horse shies to one side, attack him on that side till you get him facing the right way about again. If he then tries backing—a common dodge—use both heels.



The tricky shier invents various ingenious ways of disconcerting his rider, one of the favourite tricks being to push against a wall with the object of crushing the rider's leg. One's natural instinct is to pull him away from the wall, but that only assists the horse to do mischief; the right thing is to pull his head towards the wall, so that his muzzle is in danger of colliding with it. This makes him draw his hindquarters away and renders it impossible for him to crush his rider.

General restiveness, though disconcerting to the beginner, is not disliked by the practised horseman, for it usually indicates high spirit. The horse is unwilling to stand and prefers to move with some of the action of a trot even when kept back to the pace of a walk. Occasionally he does a little plunging by way of variety, and gives a playful buck or two.

WORK WANTED.

In riding such a horse sit easily so that your muscles do not become tired but are ready for use when needed. If he plunges, keep your seat by balance and grip, and wait till he has finished his game. If he indulges in these little capers more than you care for, you can stop them by giving him more work to do.

A lady friend of mine began to be afraid of her horse because he got playful, and she appealed to me for a cure. At my suggestion he was handed over for a couple of days to a cabman who kept him on the move during the best part of daylight, and the treatment was found to be quite satisfactory; the horse was simply suffering from idleness, and needed work to use up his spare energy.

There are a few stable vices which become dangerous if not promptly checked. Biting is perhaps the worst of these. The time the horse usually chooses for ceasing to be a vegetarian is when he is being groomed, and usually when the man's back is turned. You can guard yourself against this by tying up his head; in most cases this is all that is needed, for the snap is more likely to be due to playfulness than to malevolence. Where, however, the horse is a bad one and really means to do an injury, it is advisable to thrust something unpleasant, such as a piece of fat, into his mouth when he opens it to bite.

KICKING ITS OWN REMEDY.

Kicking in the stable is a dangerous habit, but one that can generally be cured. To each hind foot attach a rope, which is to be passed through loops in the girth and fixed to the headstall. Leave the ropes just loose enough to allow him to move about freely. When he lashes out he tightens the ropes with a jerk, which is transmitted in an uncomfortable way to the headstall, and in time he realises that the game is not so entertaining as he thought it was.

Laziness is the commonest fault in the equine as in the human race. Before you accuse your horse of it, however, make sure that he is not suffering from disease or bad feeding. If sheer cussedness is his only malady, you have simply to prove to him that you and not he are the pace-maker. In the case of a riding horse this is not difficult, for spurs are made with different lengths of teeth to suit different cases, but in driving it is much more difficult to administer punishment.

LONDON WHIPS.

The London 'bus-driver has pretty well solved the difficulty by tying to the end of his whip a foot of guttapercha thread, which looks something like a piece of bootlace but is a good deal tougher; the ordinary silk or whipcord decoration at the end of a lash is merely ornamental, but the guttapercha is for use. It costs about twopence a yard.

Only the clumsy coachman gets into trouble with old ladies and officials for administering lazy medicine in too large doses; the skilled hand selects a spot where a little goes a long way, namely, under the arm, just beneath the collar.

S. R. NISBET.

THE UNESSENTIAL.

To what purpose is this waste?—Holy Writ

The existence of the so-called Christian associations for young men, the various church institutes and working men's clubs, is a striking proof of the aimlessness of our lives. The young men whom these organisations are designed to benefit find themselves in the unhappy position of not knowing what to do with their spare time.

The man who is to succeed in life is a person of strong passions. He delights in work, but only in so far as it is capable of bringing him in money. He is not fool enough to suppose that the spinning of cotton or the buying of shares is the only thing worth doing in life. In most cases he is struggling for money with a very definite object. Probably he is an enthusiast in many branches of activity besides that of work. He is almost certain to be an athlete of one kind or another, for success comes more frequently to the man of strength than to the man of thought. Probably he is interested in some remunerative hobby.

I have known students who have paid all their university expenses by contributing to the popular press during their spare time. These are not the men who need to apply to the church institutes for something to do, but they are the men who get on.

It is doubtless a very edifying occupation to play draughts with another young gentleman in a dreary hall that reminds one of a church robbed of its sanctity. It may be helpful to the soul to sing a hymn before playing a game of draughts, but the man of robust calibre keeps his religion as a more sacred part of his life, not to be worn on the lapel of his coat.

Moreover the man of strong character kicks emphatically against wasting his leisure time over such folly. Draughts is equalled only by chess as a time waster. The mental exercise which it entails is in one definite groove and is of no value whatsoever off the board. From the standpoint of health it is obviously useless. Our strenuous man takes his recreation on harder lines. He enjoys a twelve mile walk, or, if his time is limited, a fifteen minute spar with a friend, but to sit over a draught board surrounded by a group of lugubrious and pallid young men is a thing as impossible to him as sin to the godly.

Debating societies are run in connection with most of these institutions. There every inducement is offered for the cultivation of the unessential. The young man who finds it is as much as he can comfortably compass to make a living, glibly discourses on how the British Empire ought to be run. He nurses his vanity and courts praise, not by winning something which is worth while, but by exacting the flaccid applause of his listeners when he quotes bad translations of Aristotle or Plato.

This is not life but a weak imitation. The energies and sentiments which should go to the building up of wealth and position are lavished upon the obtaining of a little praise, a little fame, unknown outside the walls of the particular institute.

It has been urged that without such institutions our young men would "go to the bad," The young man who has to be saved from going to the bad is a fibreless person at best, and I do not believe that he exists in appreciable numbers. The cry is a plausible one and well calculated to stimulate contributions from the philanthropic; but it would be a libel on the race to suppose that all the young men who are members of church institutes or so-called Christian associations, would go to the bad unless prevented by these organisations.

These pseudo-clubs exert the worst possible influence on young men by teaching them to fritter away their leisure over trifling amusements which refresh neither the mind nor the body, and moreover they are induced to pretend to a religious enthusiasm which it is impossible they can always feel. They become, in short, hypocrites.

DAVID COOPER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. M. CHAMBERS.

"I hold," said Evans, "that a woman can be a barmaid and still be a perfect lady, and Juanita Carella is a case in point." His mouth shut with a snap, and he looked about him, inviting contradiction.

Greeman expectorated over the bulwarks and took the challenge.

"Juanita is as pretty as any girl in Rio," he said, "but that's all you can say about her." And he went on to make certain remarks about the lady which could not be reproduced in these pages.

Evans waited till the other had finished speaking, so that his anger should lose none of the fanning that Greeman's words might give it. Then he drew his knife and sprang across the deck to where his challenger stood.

This move was exactly what Greeman expected, and his knife was out while his adversary was still a yard away from him. A moment later they closed and rolled across the deck, neither man being able to get his weapon home, for both were equally expert in its use.

They were so engaged when there came a jarring of the whole fabric of the vessel, and each of the fighters imagined that his opponent had struck him; but when they saw the other men who had been watching them with interest and amusement dash forward with white faces, they realised that something serious was the matter, and so by mutual though tacit consent the combat was postponed.

The fighters followed the others, and there was no need to ask what had happened. To starboard could be seen a white knob of foam where the waves dashed themselves on a rock, and the motion of the ship itself showed them plainly that she was breaking her back across the same obstacle.

The mate had been at the wheel, and his conscience was clear, for the chart did not indicate a rock within a hundred miles.

The skipper gave his orders calmly, but his face was drawn and grey. Somebody must discover uncharted rocks, and collision is the time-honoured method of making their acquaintance, but the knowledge of having benefited the science of navigation by making a useful discovery is small consolation to a man who may be months without a ship owing to the accident.

There were no passengers on this little windjammer, so that its sinking lacked most of the elements of horror, pathos and romance. The men took their places in the boats without fuss or alarm. They were hardy characters who had faced death too often to be much afraid of making his nearer acquaintance.

Land they could scarcely hope to reach, and their one chance of safety was to be picked up by some passing steamer. The first boat quickly drew off from the side of the sinking vessel, and a shout was exchanged between its occupants and those on deck. There was no cheering, no singing of rousing songs, nothing theatrical.

The second had scarcely got clear of the wreck when with a crash the vessel broke in two, and the halves of her disappeared beneath the waters. Evans took no notice of this little incident, nor did he feel any particular thankfulness for the fact that they had got away in time. He twisted his head round and looked to see whether his enemy was in the same boat, and when their eyes met both men applied themselves to their oars with such ferocious vigour as to get hopelessly out of time in their stroke.

The first boat had left in a hurry, with no provisions and few occupants; consequently it was light, and its chances of lasting were fair.

The second, however, had been loaded up with rations, and at the last moment two men had jumped into it who had no business to do so. Possibly it had a sporting chance of reaching land, nothing more.

Sons of the Rolling Sea

"I'll bet you a bottle of whisky we don't reach land," said one man to Evans, but the latter was too much occupied with his own uncharitable thoughts to appreciate the grim humour of the jest.

He who made the bet had the soundness of his judgment proved almost immediately, for hardly had the words left his lips when a wave, more hostile than its fellows, swept over the gunwale and half-filled the boat.

While some stuck to their oars for the sake of keeping the boat steady, the others baled as men do when their lives depend upon it. The sea offered them no further molestation till they had got about half the water out, and then it sent a second wave, bigger than the first, clean over the boat and its occupants.

It can scarcely be said that the craft filled with water. It simply disappeared.

Greeman struck out lustily as soon as he felt himself being sucked beneath the surface, and after the passing of a few moments, during which the issue was wholly uncertain, he found that it was air and not water that he swallowed, and knew that he had reached the surface.

The darkness was intense and he could see nothing even when a wave lifted him upon its crest. He knew that it was extremely improbable that he would eventually find anything to support him, but as a matter of instinct he kept kicking gently and moving his arms enough to keep him afloat.

It was in the cold grey of the dawn that his head struck something. He could not see what it was, for his strength was exhausted and his eyes refused to do their office. He touched the thing with his hand and felt that it was smooth and round. He tried to grasp it and raise himself upon it, but it yielded him no finger hold. Then he felt himself clutched by the collar, and with this assistance he climbed upon a floating mast of the wrecked vessel.

The man who had helped him out of the water was none other than Evans, the knight of dames.

"I'm glad you weren't drowned," said Evans. "I'd have been sorry to lose the pleasure of killing you."

Greeman made no reply. Even the recollection of a half-finished fight was insufficient to spur him to retort. He stretched himself along the mast, clasped his arms about it and lay there for over an hour without speaking.

"Got anything to eat or drink?" was the first thing he said when he finally looked up.

"Not a crumb or a drop," said Evans. "Did you suppose I had come to your rescue with an Atlantic liner or a pleasure yacht? Just you bite a chip off the mast and chew it. That's the only grub we'll get till we're picked up."

About mid-day the hunger of the men became acute, but after that it did not worry them greatly till the sun was setting. All day they had watched for a passing vessel, and the return of their hunger blended with hope unfulfilled and made a most unpleasant compound. The sea was now calm, and by stretching flat along the mast they secured a few hours sleep during the night. Both were wide awake at the first sign of coming daylight, peering across the waters, but that day also passed without the faintest sign of a ship.

It was shortly after sunset on the third day that Greeman again spoke to his companion.

"Look here," he said, "if we don't have something to eat or drink we shan't live till morning."

"That's likely enough," said Evans.

He spoke snappishly, feeling that even these circumstances did not justify friendliness.

"Well," continued Greeman, "I should not care to be eaten, and I don't specially want to be a cannibal, but there seems to be nothing else for it. It's better that one of us should live on than that both should die."

"There's sense in that," said Evans.

"Let's draw lots for it," said Greeman. "If I lose you kill me."

"I don't like the idea," Evans replied. "Suicide for the loser would be one stage better, but why not let us come closer together along the mast and finish the fight we were at when the bump came? The winner could then enjoy his meal without any special twinges of conscience."

"Right," said Greeman, and he crept along the mast.

Then he put his hand to his belt only to discover that his knife had dropped from its sheath. Evans, seeing what the trouble was, cut a couple of strong sharp chips from a spar, and dropped his knife into the sea so that he should not be accused of taking an unfair advantage.

"We can't cut with these," he said, "but they'll do all right for stabbing."

Greeman took one of the improvised weapons and repeated his remark concerning the Rio barmaid in order that the fight might be duly enthusiastic; then began the thrust and parry, the men bestriding the mast, gripping it with their knees to keep their balance, and letting their feet dangle in the water.

The fight was most unscientific, but none the less interesting, for the night was pitch dark, and each man saw only the outline of his adversary and the glint of his eyes and teeth.

They paused for a moment breathless. Greeman had a scratch on the cheek, and Evans's thumb was laid open, but that was all the damage so far done. As they sat there panting they suddenly heard the throbbing of a steamer's screw. They peered into the darkness and saw a black shadow coming upon them, not a light showing. They tried to shout, but they were breathless with fighting, and the words stuck in their throats. The oncoming vessel would not only strike the mast but would probably hit their bodies, and so each worked his way backwards until there was some distance between them.

Then came the crash. The mast, just where it was stained with the blood from Evans's thumb, was cracked in two, and the men were shaken from it. But, even as they found themselves in the water, something hard and yet pliant brushed against them, something they could catch, cling to and even climb up till their heads were above the surface.

The immediate danger being past, they hung there foolishly. It was outside their experience to find climable, flexible things hanging yards beyond a ship's side.

Faces peered down upon them from the deck above, and someone spoke of lowering a boat; but another, knowing more of these things, swore at them roundly for fools, and the men, shaking the water from their ears, roused themselves and made the ascent.

"It's lucky for those two fellows," said the lieutenant of the man-o'-war when the men had been brought on deck, "that we had torpedo nets out. If they had not caught them we'd never have been able to pick them up."

Grog was brought to them and, even while he drank it, Evans criticised its quality and its brewing adversely, for it was the man who had sworn at them who held the jug. Still he was inconsistent enough to empty the glass and thrust it out to be filled afresh.

His companion followed his example, and the two men began to feel the blood coursing once more through their shivering limbs.

"Shall we go on with our fight?" asked Greeman, turning to Evans.

"If you still persist in what you say."

"I don't," said Greeman, "the Rio barmaid is a perfect and virtuous lady."

Evans came towards him, holding out his unwounded hand in friendship.

Rapid Physical Development

The Discobolus.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

The exercises which I shall describe on this page week by week, have been specially devised with a view to quick results. If you practise them conscientiously for ten minutes in the morning and a quarter of an hour at night, you will observe at the end of the first week a marked improvement in your feeling of general fitness; at the end of a fortnight there will be a perceptible increase in the size of your muscles.

I invite you to take your measurements at the outset and prove for yourself that it is so.

It is difficult to describe an exercise in writing, but you will find the directions here given perfectly plain, provided you put yourself in the position indicated in each exercise and carry it out while you read the letter-press.

No appliances, except such things as chairs, are required.

ARMS AND CHEST.

Hold a chair by the middle of its front legs, so that your hands are by your sides, and the bottom of the chair seat rests against your legs. Now raise your hands in front of you till they reach the level of your shoulders; the chair is to be held firmly, so that when this movement is completed the seat will be horizontal. Lower it slowly to the first position, and repeat five times.

Do it slowly.

By using a heavy chair, and by holding the legs close to the foot instead of by the middle, the strain of the exercise can be greatly increased; but this course is not recommended until the exercise as given above can be repeated without fatigue.

The arms and wrists will rapidly gain in power and the chest in size from this exercise; to a less extent it will benefit also the muscles of the shoulders and back.

THE OPEN MOUTH.

Much nonsense has been written by so called physical culture experts concerning what they describe as the necessity of keeping one's mouth firmly closed during exercise, and breathing only through the nose.

More damage originates from this practice than from any other. Whether a man is cycling, running, or doing dumb-bell exercises he is placing a certain amount of tax upon his heart, as may very readily be tested if one will pause for a moment, place the hand on the heart and feel its quickened beating. The heart relieves itself by an increased supply of oxygen, which is obtained through the lungs, and thus when we are doing violent exercise we have a natural tendency to pant in order that we may be supplied with the increased amount of oxygen demanded by our labours.

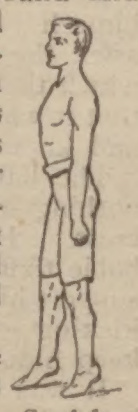
So long as we follow nature and allow ourselves to breathe just in the way that nature intended, there will be little danger; but when we place an artificial restriction on our breathing, and force ourselves to take in air only through our noses, we prevent the lungs from obtaining the supply of oxygen which they are in need of, and so we place a terrific strain on the heart. This is why one hears of so many cases of constitutional breakdown through athletics.

I should imagine that sprinting is probably the most violent exercise one can indulge in. In a fast sprint you expend as much energy in five minutes as you would in the course of an ordinary half day's work. Let us consider, therefore, the breathing of the sprinter, for his exercise is sufficiently violent to over-ride all theoretical laws, and he is bound to give play to nature. My experience of sprinters has been very wide, and I have only known one who never breathed through his mouth. He was afflicted with some malformation of the palate, which made mouth breathing an impossibility. The conditions in his case being exceptional, we must therefore rule him out.

When you find that you want to breathe through your mouth do so. Certainly you need not do this in ordinary walking, but in violent exercise nature demands that you should have a generous supply of air no matter if there be a few minute specks of dust amongst it.

THE GOOSE STEP.

Rise on your toes and walk forwards a few steps, keeping your heels off the ground and holding your knees perfectly stiff all the time. When practising this exercise in the limited space of a bedroom it is advisable to take about five steps to the front, and then step backwards in the same way till you regain your original position; the value of the exercise is enhanced by doing part of it backwards, as the muscles employed are slightly different from those used in stepping forward.

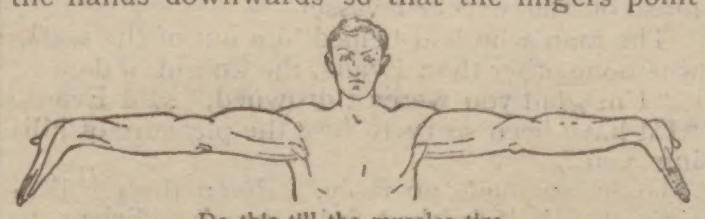


Good for the legs.

For the calves of the legs and the muscles of the ankles this exercise is unsurpassed. It also improves the development of the thighs to a considerable extent, and the effort of keeping the balance slightly benefits the muscles of the back.

FOREARM STRETCHING.

Extend your arms horizontally to the full limit, keeping the palms upwards. Then bend the hands downwards so that the fingers point



Do this till the muscles tire.

to the floor. Hold the arms in this position for five seconds, stretching the muscles; then return to the ready position, and repeat.

The muscles affected here are those of the forearm, wrist and the gripping muscles of the hand. For the development of these three sets, this exercise has scarcely any rival.

TENSING THE MUSCLES.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR ODD MOMENTS.

Making the muscles hard and relaxing them alternately is one of the most attractive methods of developing the physique. For those with weak hearts it has the inestimable advantage of imposing no strain whatsoever on that organ, and even the athlete whose body is sound finds it a useful method of exercising his muscles in the train or during an idle moment at the desk.

There is some difficulty in tensing the muscles at first, but after a little practice you are able to stiffen any muscle you wish without making a perceptible movement of the limb concerned. Begin with the biceps. Bend your elbow till your forearm makes a right angle with your upper arm, and then harden your biceps till it reaches its fullest size and your hand trembles a little with the tension.

When you have learnt the knack of stiffening this muscle at will, it is time to go a step further. Allow your elbow to straighten out till your arm is only slightly bent; then again stiffen the biceps. You will find this considerably more difficult to accomplish than when your arm was fully bent, and you must practise this second step till you are proficient at it.

The final stage is reached when you can tense your biceps with the arm absolutely straight. Practise this at first with the fist clenched, and then do it with the fingers well apart. The biceps is now entirely under the control of your will, and you can stiffen it without giving the slightest sign to an observer that you are doing so.

In precisely similar manner you are to practise with all the other muscles of the body. The shoulder muscles will readily respond when the shoulder blades are slightly forced back; the abdominal muscles will not be difficult to stiffen if you bend forward a little; those of the thighs can be tensed if you sit down and bring your knees slightly together. But you must not congratulate yourself till you can tense every one of these muscles without bending limb or body.

The effectiveness of this form of physical culture is best proved by experiment. Tense and relax your biceps ten times and see whether it is not a little tired. It has done work, though you have not asked it to lift anything; you have, in fact, cheated the muscle. You have placed a strain upon it exactly like that experienced when you make it do actual work, and consequently it grows in size in order that it may be better fitted for the strain.

The average man does all his physical culture during fifteen minutes in the morning and another similar period at night; but this is not enough to secure the highest results. It is the man who is working all day who has the best muscles. You can't go practising exercises at odd moments in the office unless you want to be voted a crank, but you can exercise every muscle in the manner here described without anyone being a whit the wiser.

A. CRAIG.

IDEAL MEASUREMENTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

Mark the column of measurements which apply to your age, fill in your own measurements in the column left blank for that purpose, cut out the chart and keep it by you. Give special attention to those muscles which fall short of the standard, and measure them afresh at the end of each fortnight so that you may watch their development. Scientific and interesting exercises specially designed for the rapid development of every muscle in the body will appear week by week on this page.

AGE	18 Years.	19 Years.	20 Years.	21-22 Years	23-24 Years.	25-26 Years.	27-30 Years.	31-34 Years.	35-40 Years	Fill in your measurements.
Chest, contracted	32	32¾	33	34½	36	37½	38¾	39½	40	.....
Chest, expanded.....	35½	36½	38	39	40¾	41½	42¼	43	43¼	.....
Waist	26½	27½	28¾	29¾	31	32	33½	35¼	35½	.....
Upper Arm.....	11¾	12	12½	13	13½	14	14½	15	15¼	.....
Fore Arm	11	11¼	11½	11¾	12¼	12½	13	13½	13¾	.....
Thigh	19½	20	20½	21	21½	21¾	22	22¼	22½	.....
Calf	12¾	13	13¼	13½	14	14¼	14½	15	15¼	.....
Neck	13	13¼	13½	13¾	14½	14¾	15½	15¾	16	.....

The measurements for ages over 40 are not given, as after that age a man's physical development ceases. It will be noted also that we do not give separate measurements for the left arm and leg; although the beginner will in most cases find his right arm larger than his left, and his left leg slightly better developed than his right, the ideal is that the limbs on the one side should measure exactly the same as those on the other.

THE RIGHT THING.

STIFFISH POINTS IN ETIQUETTE.

Men unaccustomed to wearing uniforms are sometimes extremely awkward when they have to recognise a lady friend. The territorial is apt to feel that a salute is not sufficiently gallant, for that is the manner in which he recognises his superior officer, a mere fellow man. I have seen citizen soldiers lift their forage caps to girls they met, and I remember once observing a gallant non-com. slip his chin strap to one side to prevent its catching on his nose, and then lift his helmet as he would have done a hat.

A friend of mine on his way to drill was suddenly met by a young lady as he turned a corner; forgetting for the moment that he was in uniform he clapped his hand to the crown of his head, for he was in the habit of wearing a cap; the result was disastrous, the helmet rolling on the ground behind him. The right plan is, of course, to give the salutation that goes with the uniform. While you are dressed like a soldier you are a soldier, and should therefore salute.

Another little problem with which every man is faced at one time or another is the mode of recognising little girls. It would be ridiculous to lift your hat to a child of five. Should you lift it to a girl of six, of ten, of fifteen? When in fact does a girl grow up?

A definite answer is impossible; it is just like asking how many people make a crowd. A fairly safe rule is to grin foolishly at the girl till she puts up her hair. After that smile sweetly and raise your hat. Remember, though, that some girls do not put up their hair till they are seventeen or eighteen, and in their case you have to make allowances.

How should a man recognise his domestic servant? It just depends. If the girl is your only servant it is probable that you know her pretty well, and speak to her occasionally in the house; that being the case, you might grin to her and nod with some cordiality. If you are a man who has a score of servants, don't you know, you simply incline your head without the vestige of a smile. No matter how pretty the girl is, you must not raise your hat, for she is not a social equal.

Another problem is whether you should raise your hat to a girl when you meet her a second time, having of course recognised her in the proper way at the first encounter. I should say yes. Suppose you are going to the post office and you meet a girl who is going to the newsagent's; as you return from the post office she is returning from the newsagent's; you will not meet her again probably in the course of that day. Lift you hat, because someone may be looking on who did not chance to notice you meet the first time.

Where in the course of business you may be meeting a girl half-a-dozen times in the day, you would of course lift your hat to her the first time and just smile, not too foolishly, each other time. Whenever you feel any doubt take your hat off; the girls like it.

Here is a problem that concerns men alone. When should you call Mr. Brown "Brown" and when "John?" There is something distant in addressing another man with the title Mr., and where you are meeting on terms of perfect equality, as members of the same club for example, you would of course call him "Brown" after you had known him a day or two.

See that you catch his name rightly; nobody likes being called something else.

The use of the Christian name depends on the personality of the individual. Some men are always known as Tom, and I recollect one giant who resented any other name than Tommy. They are good hearted fellows for the most part those whom you can address by their Christian names. Men who affect a superior manner usually resent such a familiarity, and it is rather a good idea when you want to take such a man off his perch to address him as Bill, or whatever his pretty name may be.

R. CARTER.

SPORTING STORIES

WAS IT LOOSE AGAIN?

"I say," said the young man addressing a groom at the stable door, "was it you who saddled Miss Mary's horse this morning?"

"Yes, sir. Nothing wrong, I hope, sir."

"The girth was very loose. She was just mounting when the saddle slipped, and she would have fallen if I hadn't caught her."

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"But I did catch her," continued the young man meditatively. "I caught her in my arms, and I was just wondering—— Here's half-a-crown for you, John. Do you think you could manage to leave the girth loose again when we go riding to-morrow?"

And John winked sympathetically.

KNEW HIS DAD.

"Seen father?" asked the little boy as he pitched his cigarette end into the spitoon.

"What's he like?" questioned the barman.

"He's got red hair, one eye's always tryin' to look into t'other, and his nose is like this." And the little boy pointed to the red imitation mahogany of the counter.

"Then he was in here a minute ago," said the barman. "He had a lemonade and went away."

"It must have been somebody else," replied the little boy as he recovered his cigarette end. "That wasn't father."

GROSS CRUELTY.

The cyclist was sitting on the gate of a field, and the passing motorists scowled at him because they thought he might be part of a police trap, but the cyclist was only eating his modest lunch. Presently there passed a little boy with a basket of luscious plums. Like most little boys he had an insatiable curiosity as to the time, and when the cyclist had told him he returned the compliment by holding out his basket and inviting the wheelman to sample.

The cyclist took one, and it was so good that when the little boy with a pair of chubby fingers held out another he took that too. "I didn't think you were so cruel," said the little boy. "Mother says it's very wrong to be cruel to animals."

"What on earth does the child mean?" asked the cyclist of the empty air.

"Well," said the little boy, "in the last plum I gave you there was a little worm, and you crushed it with your teeth and swallowed it. If that isn't cruelty to animals, what is?"

BUYING EXPERIENCE.

You could see by his gaiters and the cut of his breeches that the young man was well off; you might also have gathered from his expression that he was rather green. Mr. Cutbush observed these things and edged up beside him.

"Nice little mare that," remarked Mr. Cutbush, indicating the animal at which the stranger was looking.

"Very nice!" said the young man sarcastic-like. "Look at that lovely little ringbone on her fetlock."

"Ringbone or no," said Mr. Cutbush, "I'll give you £2 if you can buy her for £20."

"Very well," said the young man, "that's £2 easily earned."

Presently the mare was trotted out and the auctioneer invited bids, finally knocking her down to the young man for £20.

"I've bought that mare for you," he said, when he had re-discovered Mr. Cutbush in the crowd.

"You couldn't have done that," he replied. "She was my mare. I said I'd give you £2 if you could buy her for £20. Here's your money, and I hope she'll suit you; she didn't me!"

WEED WORSHIP.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.
—KIPLING.

Twenty years ago I had a serious reverse in business. Taught from youth to regard the pipe and all other vehicles for the consumption of tobacco as fruit forbidden, I had hitherto left smoking alone, but when disaster came I went out and purchased my first ounce of cigarettes—I do not think they were sold in packets in those days.

Twenty-four I got altogether, and I do not think I enjoyed them with any special zest; but I had a feeling that they had calmed me at a crisis and helped me to face my troubles, and thus it happened that a week later I bought another ounce.

Then gradually I begun to weather the business storm, and I attributed the success of my efforts to my new-found friend, tobacco.

This, of course, was only an excuse, for I had already begun to like it for its own sake, apart altogether from what I pretended it had done for me.

On waking one morning I discovered that there was a hard, blue-tinged swelling on my upper lip, just at the place where my cigarettes had reposed. It was not large enough to be noticed by those I spoke with, but throughout that day I was painfully conscious of its presence. Cigarettes and clay pipes I had often heard were responsible for most cases of labial cancer, and there was no doubt in my own mind but that I had fallen a victim.

One of the characteristics of the fell disease, was, I knew, secretiveness. Was this element present in my own case, I asked myself. More than once I was on the point of divulging my fears to one or other of my friends in order to reassure myself on the point, but on each occasion I stopped before the fateful words were uttered. I feared the ridicule that would be cast upon me.

The days passed, and I nursed my secret horror. It grew no worse but it did not improve, and I determined to see a physician; but once again my courage failed me. He might confirm my worst fears, and life was hard enough already, while I still had the faintest glimmer of hope that I might be mistaken.

Need I say that all that week I did not touch tobacco? I had been as effectually frightened from it as if I had learned that every cigarette contained a charge of nitro-glycerine.

I shall never forget the torture of those awful days and nights. I knew that I was dying, and I had to keep a bright face to the world.

Then one fine morning came deliverance. When I woke up I found that the swelling was not there. It had vanished completely, and I laughed at the thought that I had been scared at a common blister. I had been a fool to suppose all these horrors, and now I revelled in the disclosure of my folly.

When my mirror had assured me that my lip was sound as ever, I stretched out my hand for my cigarette-case, which had lain untouched on my dressing-table for a whole week. Deliberately I lit a cigarette, wrapped myself in my dressing-gown and went through to my bath.

I shall never again know such joy, at least on earth, as was mine during those delicious moments as I lay prone in the warm water, the smoke mingling with the steam and hanging heavy about me. I swallowed the smoke, I blew it through my nostrils, I luxuriated in it.

It was the re-union with a sweetheart whom I had cast from me as a traitress, but whom I had since proved innocent.

Now I am back again to my old custom of smoking always, except when I sleep or eat. I cannot work without it, though my palate is so impregnated that I do not taste the tobacco.

But some day I shall cast my pipes and cigarettes from me. Nothing shall tempt me to touch them for one long week. Then I shall have that inexpressible delight, the pleasure of beginning it all again.

J. T. FULLERTON.

GOOD PRICES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

In our fourth and subsequent numbers this page will be devoted to contributions by our readers. Select a subject you know all about—your trade or your favourite recreation—and send us a few facts concerning it; paragraphs must not exceed 250 words. You are free to send your contribution on a post-card if you like.

The chief thing to bear in mind is that all paragraphs must be of masculine interest.

Each week a prize of One Guinea will be forwarded to the writer of the best paragraph, and 5s. to the senders of each of the others used.

If your paragraph arrives too late for one week's competition it will be considered for that of the following week. Rest assured that all contributions will be carefully read.

Do not allow the lack of a facile pen to prevent you from competing. If the stuff is good, absence of style will not injure your chances. We will lick it into literary shape.

Address your letters or post-cards to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, W.C.

WHEN TO HIT.

"There is a prevalent but mistaken idea," remarked an eminent solicitor, "that a man is legally justified in retaliating when someone strikes him. From the standpoint of ordinary ethics this seems sound enough, for he is rather a tame sort of man who doesn't return a blow with interest.

"The law, however, says otherwise. If you see that a man is about to attack you and you strike him to prevent him from striking you, then you have a very good excuse; but it is no legal defence to say that he first struck you and you then deliberately struck him back.

"The point is often raised when the return blow causes serious or fatal injury, and I know of one man who is now serving a term of penal servitude because he hit another man on the ear with his fist. It was proved that he was merely returning a blow which the other had given him, but he did so with such substantial interest that his assailant fell dead."

HOW TO LEARN GOLF.

The amateur golf champion of America, Mr. J. D. Travers, has confessed that he never had a lesson from a professional in his life.

His magnificent technique has been acquired almost wholly from a careful study of books on the subject. But he regards the theoretical aspect of the sport as of small account. "The main thing," he once told a novice, "is just to get a club and a ball and start to play."

The rules of the game can be mastered in half-an-hour, the whole trouble lying in overcoming those difficulties which crop up in the course of play, and which only actual practice can teach you how to surmount.

But as a preliminary you would be well advised to exercise the muscles of your wrists and arms, for, other things being equal, it is the golfer with the powerful arm who wins. Most of the professionals of to-day started at the bench as club-makers, with the result that their arms have been developed to an extent undreamt of by the average amateur.

CARDS AND CLEVERNESS.

The man who excels at card-playing appears very clever to those he has defeated, but does his success in this denote general intelligence?

A wide experience of habitual card-players has shown the writer that they are, in nearly every case, men of some mathematical gifts, but there as a rule their aptitude ends. One of the great mathematicians at Cambridge is so skilful at whist, bridge, and chess that an opponent wonders whether he has the gift of reading his adversary's thoughts. But he, like most mathematicians, is a man of limited intelligence. While excelling in his own subject, he is but a dull person with whom to discuss topical events.

MASQUERADING IN UNIFORM.

In the inmost hearts of some people there is an almost irresistible desire to dress up and play some part that is not their own.

Not very long ago a soldier was spending his furlough at a South-coast watering-place. As his funds were strictly limited, he was staying at one of the cheaper temperance hotels. One night he neglected to lock his bedroom door, and next morning he found that his smart lancer uniform had been stolen; in its place was a shabby suit of civilian clothes.

In these he dressed himself and hurried to tell the landlord what had happened. The latter, however, could offer him no information except that the next room had been engaged by a young man whom he had noticed wearing this suit the night before. His room was now vacant.

It was weeks till he was run to earth. During that time the impostor went from place to place posing as a dashing warrior and gratifying his vanity to the full. It was not till a chance meeting with a man of the same regiment as the uniform belonged to, that the masquerader betrayed his complete ignorance of all things military and was handed over to the police.

His sentence was, of course, a sharp one, for it is a serious crime to wear his Majesty's uniform without having earned the right to do so by enlisting.

FOR WINDY WEATHER.

The man who never needs a second match is like the great poet—scarce, and born that way. Most of us have to seek the friendly shelter of a wall when lighting our smoke in anything between a breeze and half a gale, and sometimes we fail even then.

In future use wooden matches in spell boxes, and when you want a light slip the box down till the sheath forms a shelter for the newly kindled flame. The end of the box keeps the draught from coming up, and the match will burn without trouble.

Got it!

If the wind is putting in overtime, use two matches together, so that the head of the second is about a quarter of an inch behind that of the first. It will then flare before the first has time to go out, and you will get a light.

THE SPORTING INSTINCT.

If you have ever interested yourself in the organisation of an athletic club of any description you will have discovered how difficult it is to interest some people in a new branch of sport.

Perhaps they are enthusiastic cyclists and footballers, but swimming or boxing or quoit-playing has never appealed to them. You point out to them the advantages of knowing how to swim should they ever fall into the water; you discourse on the necessity of knowing the art of self-defence should they ever be attacked by hooligans; you point out the marvellous muscle-relaxing capabilities of a game of quoits. They hear you, and if they are fair-minded, they agree with you; but they do not join your club.

The fact is that the sporting instinct is not aroused by a mere discussion. It is not a logical thing and is not produced by argument.

How then shall enthusiasm be aroused? Get up some form of competition; organise a swimming, a boxing or a quoit match, and invite all whom you regard as possible members of your club to come and be spectators. When they observe the skill of others, when they hear the applause with which that skill is greeted, a spirit of emulation immediately asserts itself, and the next day is the right time for you to again ask them to join your club. In most cases you will not be disappointed.

USEFUL KNUCKLE-DUSTERS.

"You would be surprised," said a London gun-maker to the writer the other day, "how many knuckle-dusters we sell in the course of a year. These simple contrivances are designed to fit over the fingers and protect the knuckles, and they add greatly to the force of a blow.

"We sell them chiefly to gamekeepers, who often have recourse to them in dealing with poachers. Many also we dispose of to ordinary citizens who have to traverse either lonely or rough neighbourhoods at night.

"The knuckle-duster is a very effective weapon, but it is not a lethal one, and therefore is safe in anybody's hands; it is infinitely to be preferred to the dangerous habit of carrying firearms."

PUNCTURES.

A fact which is not known to every cyclist is that a puncture can very often be temporarily mended by pressing into the cut the very thing which caused the trouble. A thorn prick will empty a tyre in a minute or so, but if you thrust into the hole the same or another thorn and blow the tyre up hard, the pressure of the air will keep the thorn in position and effectively stop the hole. In this way the cyclist without a repairing outfit can continue his ride till he reaches a cycle shop.

The patching of a puncture takes some time, but is perhaps the simplest operation in the world. The chief thing to remember, and one that is very frequently neglected, is to run your fingers round the inside of the cover before replacing it. Neglect this and you may find that the cause of the puncture, be it tack, thorn or glass, is still firmly embedded in the cover and ready to pierce the tube again.

When you mend a puncture it is advisable to apply some pressure to the patch while it is drying. The simplest way is to lay a penny on top of the patch, and squeeze it down against the rubber by means of a trousers clip. Only the vertical type of clip is suitable for this purpose, the rim that runs round the ankle lacking the necessary spring.

COUNTRY FAIRS AS CURES.

"Your people could not fail to be happy with such amusements as these," remarked the Japanese ambassador as he alighted from a brilliant, noisy round-about.

The reason for the popularity of the fair is not far to seek. "It's the noise and the light as does it," said the proprietor of one to the writer the other day. "A man can let himself go here as he can't at a theatre or a circus. People want to be in the fun and not merely lookers-on. That's why we're doing more business every year, while circuses are dying out."

"Talk about your foreign spas," he continued. "Why there's none of them to touch this little lot. While we've been in this town, an old gentleman has come down reg'lar every evening and spent fifteen minutes on my biggest round-about. He says as how's he's a martyr to headaches, but he's never long here till they leave him. Yes it's the noise and the light as does it!"

SUNDAY SPORT.

Lord Charles Beresford is a thorough sportsman, and he is particularly keen on shooting. So much so, in fact, that he cannot always refrain from having a sly shot on Sunday.

Not very long ago he was having a pot at some rabbits while the church bells were summoning the neighbourhood to worship. The local parson heard a shot, and waited at the gate of the field till "Charlie" appeared.

"My friend," he said, totally ignorant of the admiral's identity, "do you think it right to shoot on Sunday?"

"I don't know that it's particularly wrong," replied Lord Charles.

"But do you suppose that the apostles shot on the Sabbath?" the clergyman continued.

"Can't say as to that," said the man with the gun; "but I know they fished."

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

I. THE DINFORD EPISODE.

In these memoirs I have no desire to obtrude my own personality, but it is necessary to explain how I became the associate of Chilworth in breaking the laws of the country which had made the head of his house one of its hereditary legislators.

At Oxford I knew him as a young man who took an unusually serious view of life, and a keen interest in criminology. He was never tired of declaiming against the oppression of the poor by the powerful, and we used to chaff him on the irony of fate that had made him only a younger son.

Five years after I said good-bye to him I returned to the old country dead beat, having proved myself a hopeless commercial failure in the colonies. To a London doss-house where I lodged there came one evening a gentleman distributing alms to the deserving; when he reached me our surprise was mutual, for it was none other than Chilworth. Unexpectedly he had succeeded to the title and a fortune, and, discovering early that his seat in the Lords was all but useless, he had set himself the task of righting wrongs without having the law to sanctify his actions. At his request I became his assistant, not with any great qualms of conscience, for our motto has always been—Help to the weak, and woe to the wicked.

* * * * * * *

"Did you ever read anything approaching this?" asked Lord Chilworth. "Here is a report in a county paper; they are scarce of news down in the country and give the police cases fully, so we may take it meantime as being pretty accurate.

"An out-of-work engineer was tramping through Dinford on his way to London. His boots wore out more quickly than he expected, and by the time he reached this village one of them had sprung a leak. He had no money, so he called at the vicarage and asked the parson if he would kindly give him enough to have his boots mended. The clergyman's reply was to summon the police and have him arrested.

"The magistrate evidently agreed with the parson that out-of-work engineers were committing a crime by being upon the earth, and he sentenced the unhappy wretch to fourteen days' hard labour as a vagabond.

"It is scandalous that justice should be administered by ignorant fools like that, but it is worse that a man of the cloth should do such an uncharitable action. That parson is doing an injury to all religion. Is this his method of following in the footsteps of the founder of his faith?"

Chilworth hit the table with his fist.

"We must go to Dinford and look into this matter," he continued. "We can best verify the facts by calling on the parson himself."

By mid-day we reached the quiet country village that lies on one of the great roads running to London, and after lunch we went to the vicarage, where Chilworth handed in a card bearing the name of Mr. Gibbon Mortimer. He always kept a few cards with different names ready printed for emergencies.

The Rev. Forbes Nailer came into the room in which we were put, and beamed upon us. I imagine the magnificence of our motor-car rather impressed him. Chilworth explained that he contemplated taking a house in the neighbourhood, and had ventured upon consulting the clergyman in the first instance in order to secure a candid opinion as to the desirability of the spot as a place of residence.

"My dear sir," said the Rev. Nailer, "you could not do better. We want a few more wealthy gentlemen like you about the place, I do assure you."

"I was reading the other day of a little difficulty you had with a tramp," said Chilworth; "possibly you prefer the well-to-do to the needy?"

"Mr. Mortimer," said the clergyman, "we have far too many tramps hereabout. They come into the garden and leave the gate open, and then dogs come in and break my beautiful plants. I never give them anything, but still they come, and I thought it best to make an example."

Chilworth suppressed his indignation and made some inquiries about the people in the district. The Rev. Nailer was affability personified, and gave all the information asked, and much more.

After a bit he turned the conversation to the subject of collecting, and showed us stamp albums and well-filled coin trays, treasures which it had taken him years to gather. He delightedly explained that his method was to tell everyone that he was a collector, and he prided himself on the fact that he had never spent a penny in buying any of the things but had got them all from the villagers and his friends; he even threw out a hint that additions to his collections would be esteemed from ourselves.

"You see," said Chilworth as we came away, "the newspaper was perfectly right. He did it, and he is unashamed. Now we must visit the local auctioneer and see what sort of a house we can get for the next week or two."

An hour later he had taken a house called Parklands with extensive grounds. It was not a very attractive place, but at the foot of the lawn was a dry well which appeared to captivate his fancy.

He would not tell me what he purposed doing with this well, but together we laboured upon it that evening and early the following morning, till at the bottom of the shaft we had excavated a chamber some eight feet in diameter.

Next we fixed a length of piping down each side; and where the two pipes opened at the bottom and nearly joined, we placed a wooden box, inside which was a paste-board wheel something after the shape of those which enterprising hawkers give to children for old bottles. Attached to the axle of this wheel was a small handle, so that when you turned it rapidly you brought down fresh air and pumped up the foul. It was a primitive appliance, but sufficiently effective.

When we had strengthened the lid of the well and nailed thick felt to the lower side of it, our work was finished.

After breakfast I, as Mr. Mortimer's secretary, went down to the village to engage a housekeeper and servants. The old lady who kept the only paper shop and the only registry, promised to send us suitable applicants within the hour; but she admitted defeat when I asked her to supply us with a motor-car driver. As a matter of fact we did not want one, and my inquiry was for a purpose. Chilworth had not brought his own chauffeur—he never did on these expeditions—but we were quite competent to look after the car ourselves.

I pressed the local cycle agent to help me, and at length he thought that perhaps Mr. Holman's driver might know of somebody.

This was exactly what I wanted, for my object was to get if possible into the garage of Mr. Christopher Holman, for he was the magistrate who had convicted the unlucky out-of-work and had thus made Chilworth his enemy.

The cycle agent took me to the garage, but the magistrate's chauffeur knew of no one. That, however, did not worry me. I admired his car, and persuaded him to explain to me certain points in which it differed from that of my own employer. I was particularly struck with the acetylene lamps, although they were of an older pattern than our own, and when one was unscrewed for my inspection I slipped in amongst the carbide a little chloride of ammonium with which Chilworth had provided me.

Then the three of us adjourned to the village inn, where, after careful questioning, I gathered that the magistrate was to motor to a neighbouring town that afternoon to take the chair at a political meeting. This function ended at ten o'clock, so we might expect him to return about twenty minutes past.

That night Chilworth and I sat patiently on a fallen tree at the roadside. Not very long after ten o'clock had chimed from the village church, we saw speeding towards us the lights of a motor-car, one the usual white and the other with a distinct tinge of blue.

"That is the doctored lamp," said Chilworth; "there's no mistaking it. Now for business!"

We dragged the fallen tree, for it was not a very large one, across the road, and then we placed in front of it a couple of red lanterns.

The motor whizzed up and came to a sudden stop with a jarring of brakes. The self-important magistrate fumed at the impertinence of the mischievous persons who had dared to bar his way, and he was on the point of alighting from the car when Chilworth sprang upon him and bore him to the ground, while I leapt up beside the driver and pinioned his arms securely to his sides.

Chilworth is by no means a giant, but he is possessed of enormous strength, and he had little trouble in safely tying up and gagging the flabby and overfed administrator of justice. The chauffeur was in better condition, and it was impossible for me single-handed to do more than merely hold him. When Chilworth came to my assistance, however, we soon had him trussed, and then we laid him gently by the roadside where he would inevitably be discovered some half-hour later when those driving in traps returned from the meeting.

When he had removed the tree trunk from the road we put the lanterns and the magistrate inside his motor and drove back to Parklands. There were now servants in the place so we had to be careful. As a precaution we had already selected a gap in the hedge, and through this we dragged our burden, first setting the motor down the hill to smash itself on the bridge which spanned the river below.

"Mr. Christopher Holman," said Chilworth to our prisoner, "it is, I fear, impossible for me to give you fourteen days' hard labour, but I am about to subject you to fourteen days' imprisonment."

We slipped a rope beneath his armpits and lowered him to the bottom of the well. Chilworth went down after him, explained that he would be supplied with food twice each day, and showed him how to work the little machine that would keep the air sweet. Then we fixed down the lid of the well, through which no sound could penetrate, and, weary with our labours, went to our beds.

Next day the local police were fussily busy over the kidnapping of Mr. Holman, but Chilworth had wisely thrown into the ditch beside the scene of the outrage a paper bag bearing the imprint of a London firm of caterers, and consequently everyone supposed that the wealthy magistrate had been spirited away by London desperadoes; some suggested that the villains and the victim had been thrown into the swollen river when the car smashed against the bridge, and the stream was dragged; but nothing was found and nobody suspected us.

It was not till the morning of the fourteenth day of the magistrate's imprisonment that Chilworth dealt with the parson. He sent one

of the servants round with a note inviting the clergyman to dine with us. The meal was not a merry one, for neither of us felt sympathetic towards the Rev. Nailer. When it was over Chilworth produced a splendid collection of stamps and coins and invited the clergyman to inspect them. Then he asked me to bring some others from the library, and as soon as I had left the room he followed me.

It was quite ten minutes till we returned to the dining-room. Towards nine o'clock the clergyman suggested that he must be going, but while Chilworth kept him talking I retired with the stamps and the coins and counted them; there were many missing, which fact I duly reported.

"I must request you," said Chilworth, "to turn out your pockets, Mr. Nailer," but, as he would not do so, we did it for him. When we had finished with him the rug was littered with the coins and stamps he had pocketed while left alone, and when he saw that the case was hopeless he whined for mercy.

The temptation, he said, was great.

"Almost as great," said Chilworth, "as that felt by a foot-sore man when he asked for money to repair his boots! You will sign this confession to theft, Mr. Nailer." And when it was signed he added: "Now you are coming back to London with us. I have already secured a post for you as a clerk at twenty-five shillings a week. It is all you are worthy of, and if I ever find you using the title of Reverend again I shall produce this confession and have you convicted."

A letter had already been prepared addressed to the housekeeper and containing enough money to meet all accounts, and our motor-car was waiting at the door. Only one thing remained, and that was to release the magistrate from the well. We locked the clergyman in the dining-room, lit a lamp and crossed the lawn to the well, into which we lowered a rope ladder and left the unjust judge to climb out, thus giving us time to escape.

"It was easy to deal with the magistrate," said Chilworth, as we span along the London road with the parson in the tonneau behind us, "but I could not think at first how to catch our friend here and give him a taste of his own sauce. I found, however, that like most uncharitable men he was covetous, his keenness on collecting being one indication of the fact, and that way I had him."

In a London office there works a middle-aged clerk who is simply known as Nailer. His mates would laugh at you if you told them he had once been a clergyman. I have not heard that he has become more charitable, but I know that he has given up the collection of stamps and coins.

*[Another adventure of Lord Chilworth will appear in next week's number..—*ED.]

WHY FISHERS CAN'T SWIM.

Every year three hundred British fishermen lose their lives by drowning, and in almost every instance when an official inquiry is made the fact leaks out that the dead man had never learnt to swim.

A census was recently taken amongst our fisher folk and it was discovered that only one in every ten knew anything about swimming. This is the more astonishing when we consider the many risks which the fisherman runs of finding himself overboard; a heavy sea may catch him unawares and lift him clean off the deck of his boat; his vessel itself may be swamped by the violence of a gale, for the weight of the dragging nets makes skilful navigation next to impossible.

Their ignorance of swimming is not due to negligence or laziness, but to a superstition which is rife amongst them that when a man is once overboard his chances of rescue are practically nil, and that the ability to swim will merely give him a lingering death instead of a quick one. Nothing but drastic legislation will ever induce the majority of the men to learn this necessary art, for fisher foibles die hard.

FUN FROM ACROSS THE BORDER.

Life at a Scotch university is essentially different from life at a sister institution in England. For one thing the Carnegie Trust is ready to pay the college fees of any man born in Scotland, so that the sons of cottars and county gentlemen sit shoulder to shoulder, and the fact that you have been at a university gives you no sort of social distinction. The better, for the Scotch students work instead of playing.

What amazes the Englishman most, however, is the amount of whole-hearted fun which goes on at each of the four Scotch universities.

A kind of perpetual warfare exists between the first and second year men, not that they disapprove of one another, but because it affords them an excuse for the venting of their animal spirits. The first year student begins his term with a callow trustfulness in the forbearance of others, and a good deal of pride in the fact that he has ceased to be a school-boy. For some reason they call him a bajan, and it is the delight of the semi—or second year's man—to tap him hardly upon the head with two or three heavy notebooks, gripped together and used hammerwise. The bajan is as indignant as astonished, but when he recovers from the whack he replies in kind, and the fight becomes more general, till at length the quadrangle is filled with battle cries and the sound of bangs.

The Arts men wear red gowns and trenchers, and they have acquired a taste for decorating the walls of their lodgings with pieces of the gowns of their friends and enemies. The bajan, proud of the robe that proclaims him a student, at first resents having his toga rent in twain, but in time he gets over that. If you have the bulk of the garment torn away, as sometimes happens, you must on no account buy a new one but must secure enough material from somebody else's to make good the damage.

Passing up is a practice peculiar to the Scotch universities. It takes place chiefly in the class-rooms while the men are waiting for their professor to arrive. Some student who has made himself liked or disliked is seized from the front bench and passed willy-nilly over the heads of his fellows to the back of the room. If he is popular he is gently treated; if he is not, they drop him on hard places.

The lord-rectorship is a complimentary office, and the students have the privilege of electing the holder. The election time consists of a series of free fights, which culminate in a grand battle. Then the partisans of the two candidates dress in their oldest clothes and arm themselves with pea-flour. Their respective banners are wedged into opposite doorways in the quadrangle, and it is the object of each party to rob the other of its ensign. So many are deputed as skirmishers, and the others lock their arms together and stand in a compact mass around their fort, the attackers dragging at them and blinding them with the flour.

At the end of it all both sides combine in a torchlight procession through the town, dressed in fantastic garb. During the election they have sometimes bestowed their little bags of pea-flour upon non-combatants, and the latter now get their own back. In nearly every instance the procession is attacked, usually by the engineers and other young men who were at school with you and do not see why you should enjoy all this fun. I never objected very much to their throwing nails, but I was annoyed when, dressed as a Roman gladiator, with bare neck and shoulders, I heard a decomposed egg crack itself upon my helmet and felt it trickle down my back. DONALD MACGREGOR.

HUNT SERVANTS.

What is life with all it grants us,
But a hunting run?

—WHYTE-MELVILLE.

The man who is ambitious to blow the horn of the professional huntsman generally starts his career as a feeder of hounds. There are at least two feeders attached to the kennels, and they get about 18s. a week, which is extremely good when you remember that it is for unskilled labour, and that lodging, fire and clothes are provided.

Before he is twenty the feeder will have become, provided that he is attentive to his duties, either a groom or a whipper-in. The groom is paid about £1 a week, and he, like all the other hunt servants, has a uniform and house room provided for him. His duties are to attend to a certain number of the hunters and to ride his master's second horse. The fun of the chase is not for him; he is merely a spectator, but he has on the whole a better time than the average private groom. The chief drawback about his job is that he cannot easily rise further.

The whipper-in, on the other hand, is in the thick of the fun all the time, and he has the prospect of one day becoming huntsman. As second whipper-in he gets 24s. a week, and as first from 30s. to 35s. His duties are to back up the huntsman in keeping the hounds to their work. He must turn them off when they run on a false scent, and he must exercise all endeavours to keep them out of danger.

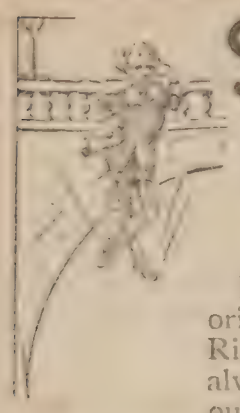
Often enough in the execution of his duty he courts danger himself. Take, for instance, the case of the first whipper-in of the Vine Hounds who recently endeavoured to drive the hounds off the South Western main line near Oakley Station in order to save them from being cut up by an approaching express. In his eagerness he failed to observe a signal wire, and tripping over it fell on one of the rails where he lay stunned. The driver managed to bring the train to a stop within ten yards of the whip, but it was a near thing.

Then there was William Tierney, whipper-in to the Tipperary Hounds. Early this year a fox which had been found at Ardmoyle made straight for the River Suir and plunged in, followed by the hounds. The stream was in flood and dangerous, and most of the field made for a ford lower down, but Tierney determined to take the risk of swimming where the hounds had crossed. His horse carried him safely to the opposite bank, but there it failed to obtain a footing, and was rapidly swept out by the current to midstream, where it turned over on Tierney. A gallant attempt was made to rescue him but it proved unsuccessful.

Such risks as these are expected by the whipper-in as part of his day's work. Members of the field may show the white feather, but it is a quality that must not exist in the hunt servant. A well known huntsman once said that if you throw your heart over a hedge your horse will follow. Whether it follows or only pitches you into the bushes, you must if you are a whipper-in make the attempt.

In course of time the whipper-in becomes huntsman, drawing a salary, (he no longer calls it wages), of £120 a year. The huntsman must possess either instinctively or by careful cultivation a genius for the chase. He must know which hound carries the scent when they are all running, and he must be able to recognise a hound by its note when they are out of sight. The tricks of the cunning fox must be to him an open book. He must observe his pack in puppyhood, and remove those that would do it discredit.

In return for all this he is regarded practically as an equal by the whole of the field, his skill counterbalancing differences of birth and rank. As a comparatively poor man he is able to lead the joyous life of a country squire. After a few years' service he can, if he has been with a fashionable pack, count upon a present of from £500 to £1,000. NORMAN CHEYNE.



Suicide For Celebrities

A FORECAST.

It was John Burns who originated the idea in 1910. The Right Honourable John has always known exactly what ought to be done—by other people. He saw, what had been observed by everyone else for years past, that we were suffering from an epidemic of celebrities, but to him was the credit of originating a brilliant scheme for their extinction. He founded, in short, a suicide club and invited every well-known person to become a member.

At first the celebrities stood rather afar off, but John suggested that the letters M.S.C. (Member of the Suicide Club) might be used after the names of those who joined his organisation. That did it. The people backed John up, and they would have nothing to do with those celebrities who could not show the magic letters on their playbills, posters and front pages. Thus did the suicide club within a few months enroll every person of note in these islands.

EXEMPTED.

John Burns himself claimed exemption at the outset, being the founder of the wheeze. That, however, is by the way.

Every member pledged himself to commit suicide in what manner might seem best to him, when his name was drawn by the executive of the club. The first to be drawn was Mr. Hall Caine.

On receiving intimation that his time had come, he wrote to the editor of the "Daily Mail" about it. Then he made psychological studies of the subject, and finally he wrote a play in which he himself took the principal part. The character he represented was supposed to commit suicide at the end of the last act, and the public were warned by extensive advertisement that some night Mr. Hall Caine would really do it, and so the people flocked to Drury Lane in their thousands in the hope of seeing it come off; but they were had many times.

Mr. Hall Caine made his first attempt upon his life by taking a certain patent medicine for the nerves. This was really a commercial undertaking and not a serious effort at self-extinction, for he bargained with the owners of the nostrum that they should use his portrait in every advertisement they put out during the next few weeks.

LINGERING AGONY.

His second attempt was reading one of his own plays backwards. By the time he reached the first act, however, he had fallen asleep and the audience had already left. This idea was felt to be lacking in dramatic effect, and so on the following evening when the time came for him to commit suicide he read a poem by Alfred Austin, but this also failed.

The public were now thoroughly indignant. They felt that Mr. Hall Caine was fooling them, and they determined to take the matter into their own hands. So a committee was formed, a collection was made of all that Mr. Hall Caine had ever written about himself, and when this had been piled together it was found to be almost too large to stand on the stage of Old Drury. By a little manipulation, however, it was finally trussed up and hid amongst the sky cloths by means of ropes and pulleys. When the time came for Mr. Hall Caine to make another attempt the members of the audience who were in the conspiracy waited till he stood beneath this mass of self-praise. Then they cut the ropes and Mr. Hall Caine was extinguished.

John Burns and his committee felt that some new rules must be made, for the conduct of Mr. Hall Caine was likely to cast ridicule on the whole scheme, and so to expedite matters they enacted that every person sentenced to suicide should have the privilege of choosing one companion who should perish at the same time. This was a marked improvement.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis was the next to be drawn. He promptly named Mr. Eustace Miles as his death companion, and each had the privilege of choosing the manner of death that the other should die. This double suicide was simple and artistic. Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis was obliged to eat some of the herbs and grasses on which Mr. Miles was accustomed to feed and the latter was compelled to gorge himself on beef steaks, joints, and game. Both died almost instantaneously.

THE DEADLY DUET.

The next to be drawn was Little Tich. He chose as his companion in distress Signor Caruso. The latter promptly offered to double his annual subscription to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, but Mr. Burns and his committee would not hear of it, and the two beautiful singers determined to spend their last hours on the stage of the Tivoli. Few who beheld them as they stood there hand in hand singing their swan song, could have failed to be impressed with the pathos of the scene.

They had been billed to sing for an hour, and though at the end of that time they were both out of breath, they still kept it up. At this the audience threw things at them till they were dead. Some say this was not, strictly speaking, suicide; but it must be remembered that they brought their fate upon themselves, so it would be difficult to accuse them of not having complied with the rules.

HIS HATED RIVAL.

Mr. George R. Sims was the next on the list. He announced himself as being delighted at the proposal, provided Paderewski should also be made to commit suicide. "He," said Mr. Sims, "is the only man who has been able to grow a flowing mane without using my hair restorer." Mr. Sims invited the public to suggest by what manner of means he should die, and the matter was voted upon. By a vast majority it was decided that he should drink his hair restorer until his throat became so thickly covered with hair that breathing was impossible. Paderewski was condemned by a similar vote to listen to the playing of a child prodigy and a barrel organ till he was dead. So perished two great men.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson was the next voted to self-destruction. He said he positively would not do it unless Lord Northcliffe joined him. Lord Northcliffe absolutely refused unless he should first be given a dukedom. An appeal was made to the public to sign a petition praying the King to give him the dukedom at once, and in less than a week he had it. Even then he refused to commit suicide suddenly. He said he had always been an advocate of the instalment principle, and he was willing to shed seven drops of blood every fortnight, which worked out at half-a-drop a day for two years.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

Absolute compulsion was not allowed, and as this was the best the public could get out of him they had to rest content. Mr. Pearson meanwhile rolled up his tent and betook himself to Timbuctoo, where he promptly started imitations of all the papers then in circulation in that famous city.

Israel Zangwill was the next. Hand in hand with Joe Lyons he stood at the entrance of a twopenny tube till they both sickened and died from inhaling the underground ozone.

But what need to recount the last days of all the celebrities? Kipling and Alfred Austin, Mr. Haldane and General Booth, Mother Seigel and Marie Lloyd—these and all the rest died between the years 1910 and 1912. The one celebrity who is left is Mr. John Burns, and there is a rumour that someone is going to start a special assassination society for his benefit. A. M. KIRKE.

WALKING AT NIGHT.

A dewy freshness fills the silent air.—SOUTHEY.

Like many another, my daily work prevents my talking exercise during the day, but I do not grumble. I have discovered that walking at night holds a charm which the daylight stroll will never possess.

You set out, say at ten o'clock, your business cares thrown off with your working suit, the sweetness of recollection donned with the old clothes you keep for your exercise. The town is quiet as you pass through it, for the average citizen is in bed, and the theatres and taverns have not yet begun to vomit their devotees. The streets are familiar, and you hurry through them. Soon you reach the river, and once across the bridge you are on the face of nature, different, though ever the same.

Here is the old toll-house, which you last saw as you returned from a Saturday afternoon spin on your bicycle. Then the daylight revealed it as shabby and needing repair. Now it is ennobled by the darkness, and the candle that flickers in its window seems a guiding beacon for the traveller.

On you swing. Here comes a stretch of road which in the daylight you know to be long and uninteresting, but now you can see the outline of the wood at its far end, and it seems but fifty yards away.

You whistle as you step out, for your stride is coming to you. A squirrel dashes across the road in alarm, and a brown owl challenges from an adjoining thicket. Overhead an occasional star twinkles beneath the gathering clouds, and you try to pick out the planets whose names you know.

So the monotony of the straight is past, and you reach the wood. On either hand loom the trees, the moonlight playing hide-and-seek between them, the hooting of the owls adding to the eeriness of the place. If there be any who deny the existence of spectres let him be with you now. A rabbit scurries from beneath your feet, and you start involuntarily, only to laugh at yourself a moment after.

Then to the left, up across the hill. Soon you reach the moorland, and stop to look back upon the town. The lights are sending their message, the arc-lamps frigid and dead, the gas jets warm and sympathetic.

Another mile, and you are within the doors of an old-fashioned inn. Eleven has struck, but here they are not over particular and they fill you a glass of ale without protest. You have earned this and a smoke, so you have them both. Lighting up, you seek a path across a field which will bring you to another road, for there is charm in variety even in the country by night.

The grass is soft and damp, and the air comes a little cooler and fresher to your face. The moon dips behind the clouds, and you feel the first raindrop on your lips. As you reach the road it begins to pour in very earnest, but your pleasure is no whit lessened. You turn up the collar of your jacket, and twist your pipe round, mouth downwards, so that it will not be extinguished.

Then you step out a trifle more briskly, feeling the tonic of the rain. The road echoes with a sharper note to your footsteps, and you see on the ground before you a dim reflection of the lowering sky above.

You begin to feel the rain penetrating to your skin at the knees, and an occasional drop trickles from your cap, over your hair and down your neck. The last embers from your pipe fall sizzling at your feet.

Another bend brings you in sight of the candle in the toll-house window; on towards it you go, whistling again, for the pipe is now in your pocket, and your lips are free.

Over the bridge, and into the town once more. You are walking now to sweat, for your shoulders are feeling the rain.

Midnight strikes as you use your latchkey. Then a bath and to bed, to sleep the slumber of the just. T. RIDDELL.

LONDON: HELL

I. HAUNTS OF WICKEDNESS.

I'll speak of it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace.—HAMLET.

It is just after eleven. Hansoms come tinkling from the theatres with the well-to-do, and the humbler pleasure seekers crowd eagerly to the street corners to await their 'bus. The streets which a moment ago were almost deserted are now seething with life.

Here and there a merry laugh rings out, but it comes from the girls who are being escorted by their brothers or sweethearts to the 'buses. The faces of the gorgeously dressed women and immaculate men who drive past in hansoms or walk leisurely along the pavement are drawn, and their eyes are cold and indicate no joy in living. Mirth of the genuine, spontaneous brand has become foreign to their characters; they must seek an imitation of it.

SPIDER AND FLY.

Down the marble steps of a glittering music-hall come a man and a woman. She does most of the talking, and she is giving herself considerable trouble to keep him in humour; she looks at him sideways; she draws up the corners of her mouth, revealing her teeth. It is scarcely a smile, merely a studied imitation of the gay world. A hansom drives up, he hands the woman in and seats himself beside her. Let us follow them.

They have driven no more than a hundred yards when the vehicle pulls up outside a brilliantly lighted building standing a little off the main street. The couple ascend the steps, pass through the glass doors that are held open by liveried servants, and enter a great supper room.

The place is furnished with small tables and wide seats, and at most of the tables sit a man and woman; in some cases there is a woman only; she hopes to be joined later. On a raised platform at the far end of the room an excellent string orchestra is playing voluptuous music. Somewhere incense is being burned, for its characteristic fragrance, mingled with the cloying sweetness of patchouli is wafted across the apartment.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

Little green glasses are to be seen on most of the tables. The devil, in solution as absinthe, lurks within them. Men and women drain the contents, their faces brighten, and for the moment they become vivacious. The women accept cigarettes from the cases of their escorts, and while they smoke them, awkwardly as a woman does, the men bend over to them and whisper in their ears.

From time to time a man pays his bill with a £5 note and gets no change worth mentioning; then with his particular temptress he departs.

Who are these men? Gilded youths? Some of them, but not all. This room has witnessed many a dramatic disclosure. Not very long ago a young man came here with a woman, and, just when he had toasted her and was about to press the glass to his lips, two men in evening dress stepped from another table, and one, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, arrested him for absconding with money belonging to his employer.

He rose, and would have tried to bluff the matter out, but his nerve failed.

The glass fell from his fingers and smashed on the corner of his chair. As he left with the detectives, the woman smiled placidly to another of her type who was watching, and moved a little to the side to make room for a new victim who at that moment entered the room, crossed over and seated himself beside her.

There are many methods of soul-killing, and we find an essential difference between the one discussed and that practised in a house in a main street running from Piccadilly Circus. The entrance is through a little sweetshop, and the sweets are so bad that very few call to purchase them. The proprietor does not mind; the existence of the shop furnishes a ready explanation for the number of people who enter between nine o'clock and midnight—after that the shop is closed and there is no admittance to the house.

If you are known to the young man behind the counter you pay your two guineas, pass through a door marked "Private," and ascend a richly carpeted stair; if you are not known to him you must be introduced by an habitué of the place. On reaching the top of the stair you are astounded at the magnificence of the furnishing.

AN AMERICAN DISCORD.

The walls are hung with tapestry, the floors are richly carpeted with heavy rugs, there are luxurious couches with great silk cushions upon them, the rooms are dimly lighted with quaintly pierced silver lanterns hung with chains from the ceiling, the light penetrating through amber glass. Somewhere a bell is faintly tolling, and by a clever apparatus the tinkling of a running stream is imitated to perfection.

Your footsteps made no sound as you entered, but in some manner the proprietor has become aware of your presence, and he steps forward to learn your wishes. He himself provides the only discordant note. He is an American, and, though he speaks in whispers, his accent clashes abominably with the eastern magnificence of the apartments.

"Will you smoke with the others, or do you desire to do so privately?"

If you choose the latter course you have to pay a guinea more, and you are then conducted through a drapery hidden archway to a passage from which you enter a private room, gorgeously furnished and dimly lighted like the rest of the suite, and here you may smoke unobserved by anyone till the morning.

AMBITION LOWLY LAID.

If you are more frugal-minded and decide to keep your guinea, you are led to a large apartment which adjoins the reception room. When the door is opened you are met with the unmistakable aroma of opium, and in the half light you can distinguish the forms of men, some of them with intellectual faces, sprawling in all attitudes upon the divans which stand against the walls.

Some have only just begun to puff the glowing pellet of opium, while others are almost overcome and have allowed the little pipe to drop from their fingers upon the carpet. These latter are carefully watched by a couple of negro attendants, dressed like Arabs, and as soon as it is obvious that the smoker is insensible, they carry him to a room at the rear of the flat where he may sleep off the effects of his indulgence.

TOYING WITH DEATH.

Women were at one time admitted to this sybaritic den, but their physique is frailer than that of men, and on one occasion a woman died here after smoking opium. By means best known to himself the proprietor managed to hush the matter up; but since then he has been afraid of a similar occurrence, and women have been rigorously refused admission.

London life holds many startling contrasts. We can secure one here by making a short journey to an alley that runs off Limehouse Causeway. At the entrance there stands a group of Chinese loafers. If you are unknown to them they will prevent your passing down, for the Chinaman is modest and has no desire to have his house admired by strangers.

If you are introduced by the right person you pass down the alley and enter a shop, above whose doorway hangs a red lamp that once indicated the residence of an English doctor. Passing through to a back room you find gambling in full progress, and in the chamber above you see crouching on wooden platforms or dirty mattresses men who are smoking away the memory of their losses. The room resembles a casual ward, without the faintest trace of luxury or even comfort.

The proprietors of most of these Chinese hells are willing and ready to murder a visitor if they have not already secured his money at the gambling tables. A journalist whom I know visited one of these places professionally, and finally became an habitué; one evening he went as usual and discovered in the upstairs room a group of Chinamen gathered around a man with a sunburnt face. His clothes were good, and on the floor beside him there lay the flappy felt hat affected by Colonials even in London.

THE STRANGER.

Immediately they were aware of my friend's presence the Chinamen sprang to their feet, and, drawing their knives, made a rush towards him, but fear lent him agility and he reached the causeway in time. At the end of the street he met a constable and informed him of what had occurred. That night the police duly raided this particular hell, but all incriminating evidence had been cleared away before their arrival. It was a day or two later till the newspapers announced the mysterious disappearance of an Australian visitor. One bit of good came out of this evil thing—my friend was cured for ever of his craving for opium.

Attacks are made from time to time upon the battles fought under the auspices of the National Sporting Club, and it has been said that on more than one occasion the defeated pugilist has been carried out of the building to die in his own lodgings as a result of the injuries received.

There is a place less than half-a-mile from this club, however, where contests are fought practically to the death twice a week; it is next door to a church, and sometimes the voices of the practising choristers are wafted to the ears of the men who sit around the roped square.

The utmost care is exercised to keep the police in ignorance of the establishment, and the precaution is necessary, for every fight is carried out with naked fists, and lucky is the vanquished who is merely stunned. There are amongst the audience several doctors, and the fallen pugilist receives all attention in the dressing-room.

If he recovers, he goes away with a small part of the spoils and is contented. If he dies, his body is buried under a false certificate, supplied by one of the doctors referred to.

AT THE WIRE.

There are two telephones attached to this establishment, and at the beginning of a contest the instruments are connected up with those in shops or in post offices, and at the other end stand the wives of the fighters.

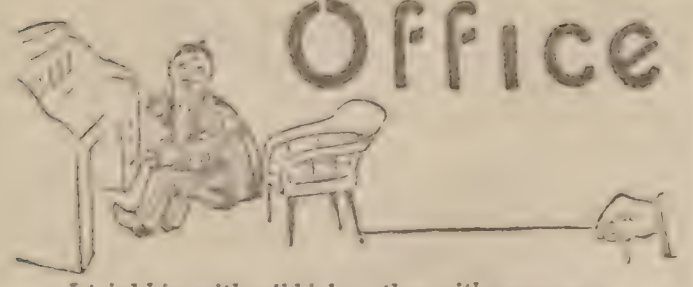
Throughout the progress of the fight the anxious women are kept posted as to what is happening. Sometimes they come with tears and sovereigns and endeavour to gain admittance, but the door-keeper is obdurate and strictly enforces the rule that no woman is allowed to attend the fights.

And the men who come here with the lust of blood, greedy to satiate themselves with the spectacle of two men fighting to the death, who are they? No one can tell except the door-keeper and he is a man of discretion. On entering you pass beneath a bright electric lamp so that he can recognise you, but once past this light you find that the whole place, with the exception of the ring itself, is in darkness. The arena is lit with overhead lamps like a billiard table so that though it can be seen from every part of the building it is impossible for you to recognise even the man who sits at your side.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]

Fun in the Office



I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones.
—CLEMENS.

In an office where I was at one time employed we could always get a laugh when we wanted it by means of the house telephone. Every room in the building had an instrument, and beneath it was a board with some thirty levers. If you wanted to speak to anyone you pushed down the lever belonging to his wire, and then pressed a button which rang a bell in his room and brought him to the instrument. Some genius discovered that by using a couple of rulers you could press down all the levers at the same time. If you then pushed the button the telephone bell rang simultaneously in every room in the building.

The perpetrator of the outrage would place his own instrument to his ear and hear some such conversation as the following: "Hullo! Did you ring me?" "No, did you ring me?" "Is that you, porter?". "Yes, Mr. Smith. Do you want me?" "No. What's your game?" "Who is there, please?" "Hullo!" "Yes, yes." By-and-by everybody discovered that nobody wanted him in particular, and so all the receivers were hung up and the fun ended.

PEACE-MAKING.

As a variation we would sometimes press down only two levers and bring to their respective instruments two men between whom we knew no love was lost. Usually the conversation was heated, for each blamed the other for trying to play a trick upon him.

It was, of course, a dangerous game, and the secret of it was known to only a few select spirits who never practised it except when they could secure a room to themselves. More than once the electricians have been summoned to ascertain what was the matter with the telephone, and I do not believe that to this day the heads of the firm are aware what causes these volcanic disturbances of the system.

To another office there once came a new clerk whose air was grand and who really believed that he was a better man in every respect than any other person. One day when our chiefs had gone to transact some important business we were practising a few simple little tricks. We could all accomplish that one where you lie flat on your back, place your hands behind your head, and sit up without lifting your heels.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

The new clerk lay down on the floor and endeavoured to emulate our performance. Struggle as he might, however, he could not sit up. His face turned purple with annoyance and exertion, and he was lying on the carpet struggling impotently when without the slightest warning the door opened and our employer entered the room. With the sequel this article has nothing whatsoever to do.

It was not very long afterwards that this same clerk had a motor bicycle given to him. He insisted on reminding us of the fact that he was now a motorist by occasionally coming to the office in weird-shaped motor caps. One morning he turned up with a long pair of woollen gloves. They were something like knickerbocker stockings, but he was very proud of them because none but a motorist would need or would wear such things. He was a busy little fellow, and he always made a point of doing things quickly. When six o'clock struck he would dry his book, put it in its place and dash for the coat stand. To thrust his hands and arms into his new-fangled gloves occupied rather less than a second, and another second accounted for the donning of his coat and hat. One night he put on the first glove well within his usual time. I am not quite sure how long it took him to get it off, because somebody had spilt the box of pins inside it.

This reminds me of the adventure of our book-keeper. He was a mild little man on whom the dignity of his position sat heavily. He was in short a clerk of the old-fashioned type, and the frivolities of us younger spirits shocked him dreadfully. One day when the chiefs were out we were playing our usual games, and the book-keeper was unwise enough to remonstrate.

He sat at a roll-top desk with a big space in the middle where his knees went in, and into this we bundled him gently but irresistibly. We then piled some ledgers in front of his coop, and strengthened the barricade by jamming his chair against it. By bracing his chair with another book against the wall we made it absolutely impossible for him to get out.

FOUND.

When our employer returned he looked about for the book-keeper, but there was not a sign of him. "Where is Mr. Jones?" he demanded, but none of us dared speak.

After a moment of dead silence a tiny voice, appearing to emanate from somewhere beneath the floor, piped: "Here I am, sir. May I come out now?"

It took our chief some considerable time to discover the whereabouts of his vanished assistant, but at length the book-keeper was unearthed, and we said as one man: "We put him there." Our chief looked as if he would have liked to sack us all, but to have run the office without us would scarcely have been convenient.

THE VICTIM.

At the first office I was in there was an assistant manager who was very inconsiderate to the younger members of the staff.

He had an office to himself, at least it was a compartment partitioned off from the general office. He also had a custom of coming back from lunch not drunk certainly but just a little the worse for liquor. His desk stood against the wall, and his chair had its back towards the partition. One day some of us returned from lunch earlier than usual, attached a stout cord to the foot of his chair and passed it through beneath the partition.

UNSEATED.

When he came back and shut the door one of us sprang towards it and gently opened it a hair's breadth. From this point of vantage the watcher observed him cross to his desk, and prepare to seat himself in his armchair with his usual after-lunch sigh of satisfaction.

Just as he was about to squat the watcher gave the signal to his fellow-conspirators, there was a sharp tug at the cord and the assistant manager sat down—but it was violently and upon the floor. When he picked himself up and sallied forth into the outer office the conspirators had vanished. He laid a complaint before the manager, and on our return we were all soundly rated, but here again there was safety in numbers, for we could not all be sacked.

WM. THOMPSON.

CURZON'S CHOICE.

Though no one could accuse him of being a dressy man, Lord Curzon has a great affection for evening clothes, and he always has them with him, no matter in what part of the world he may be travelling.

In support of his fancy he is fond of quoting the case of General Gordon, who started from Cairo in a dress suit for his famous march to Khartoum.

"I hold that the dress suit is the most necessary part of an outfit," his lordship recently informed a friend. "If I were starting out tomorrow for Lhassa or Timbuctoo, I should see to it that they were amongst my baggage, for I should find them equally useful whether I met the Lama of Tibet or the Emperor of the Sahara."

CASH FROM DOGS.

PRACTICAL ADVICE BY A BREEDER.

There are few more pleasant means by which a man may increase his income than by the breeding of good-class dogs. The breed selected should be one that is in popular favour; say bulldogs. A good bitch will cost you between £5 and £10, and the fee for a stud dog will be about £3 3s. You will probably be able to rear five pups which can readily be disposed of at £2 apiece. If you have paid only a fiver for your bitch, you would clear your initial outlay by the first litter, and it should not be difficult to get more than £2 for each puppy. I am keeping low in my figures to avoid the charge of exaggeration.

The incidental expenses in breeding on a small scale like this are few, but the profits are of course limited. Presently, when you have made a bit from your dogs (and I strongly advise that all further outlay should be drawn from profits only), you may have a kennel and a run built for them. The run had better be floored with cement, and you will find it more satisfactory to buy the kennel from a maker who specialises in this line than from the local carpenter, as the latter is ignorant of the latest ideas in regard to ventilation and general dog comfort. A good run and kennel cost about £10.

Your breeding might now be considerably extended, and as you find an increasing market for your puppies you could build further kennels. If you have not the time to give the dogs the attention they need, you will find it advisable to engage a boy to feed them, brush them, and clean out the kennels. Five shillings a week is sufficient pay, as the labour is unskilled.

In making your calculations for an increase in the number of your dogs recollect this important fact: one dog costs you practically nothing to feed, for household scraps supply the bulk of his wants, but with a number of dogs the feeding has to be wholly independent of domestic arrangements. You must therefore allow half-a-crown a week as the cost of feeding each dog after the first.

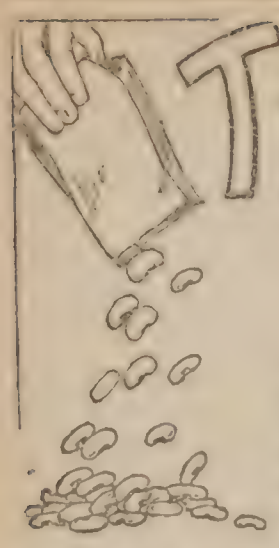
Dealing in the most expensive types of dogs is not recommended to the amateur; the death of one is too grave a tax on his resources. Choose rather animals that have good pedigrees and have done fairly well on the show-bench themselves, but whose pups you can afford to sell at a moderate figure. There is always a good market for bulldogs, but only when the price is under £5. Those who can afford to pay more are difficult to find. Remember that you will not pay your expenses by taking prizes at shows; your direct profits will come chiefly from the sale of the pups.

Local selling is practically out of the question, for you would soon supply all the people in the town who require your particular breed of dog. You will find that the most profitable way of disposal is to advertise them in certain papers. You must remember that your advertisement is a species of contract, and you must take care that the wording is strictly accurate. Always mention in your advertisements that the dog will be sent on approval, but in the correspondence that follows you should insist on the applicant paying carriage whether he buys the dog or not. If you omit this you will find the cost of carriage a very serious item.

Small items, remember, mount up.

If you live in a town of fair size you can make a good deal by taking invalid dogs to board. Half-a-guinea a week is the usual charge, and in most cases it is of course necessary to isolate the patient. Before developing this branch of the business you require to make a careful study of dog diseases. This can best be done by taking up for a few weeks an unpaid assistantship to some vet. who does a considerable business in this line. Even the ordinary breeder will find it useful to have some veterinary knowledge. In his case it would not be worth while to become a vet's. assistant, but he could get some practical instruction from the local dog doctor for a small fee.

A. J. MUIR.



THE LAUGHTER BEANS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. W. BURNETT.

Bertie Gibbons got the infernal things from an uncle of his who was surveying for a new railway in Mesopotamia. They were about the size of haricot beans, but dark brown in colour, and Bertie's uncle said in the letter that accompanied them that if you wanted to laugh heartily all you had to do was to eat one.

Bertie was a pupil at a motor-car works, and he did not quite relish the idea of experimenting upon himself, for in a motor-works there are so many hard things about, and it is nasty to get hit with hard things. He would not have minded taking one on a Sunday morning just on chance, but he received them by the Friday evening post and it was impossible for him to wait so long to try their quality. He therefore determined that his fellow boarders should each consume a bean at breakfast on the following morning.

It was an extremely wicked scheme to put into practice, for this boarding house was a select place and its guests, all except Bertie, were very sedate.

Miss Niggles was an old maid with an acid face and temperament; the Rev. John Speen was a poor curate who took a very gloomy view of life; Mr. Triptree, who had lived under that sheltering roof for twenty years, was a book-keeper in a City office, and he had mutton chop whiskers and a troublesome liver. These with Bertie and Mrs. Smith, the widow who kept the establishment, formed the company that seated themselves about the none too sumptuous board.

On the Saturday morning Bertie was the first to come down to breakfast, and while Mrs. Smith went to the kitchen to help the servant to brew the tea, he mixed some of the beans, which he had already ground, with the breakfast food that his fellow guests were about to batten upon.

"You are very early this morning, Mr. Gibbons," said Mrs. Smith, seating herself beside the teapot, "and as the others haven't yet come down I think we had better begin."

Bertie had no hesitation in agreeing to this proposal, and he immediately fell to work—not, be it said, on the dish which he had assisted in compounding. As Mrs. Smith poured a little cream into the saucer which held her minute share of the breakfast food he kept a careful eye upon her. She took one spoonful, smiled across the table at him and inquired whether he did not think it was a very beautiful morning.

She took another spoonful and smiled till it became audible, excusing her mirth by saying she was laughing at a funny storyette she had read the day before but had now forgotten. At the third spoonful she burst into a shrill peal of laughter which made the ceiling ring and the texts upon the walls tremble till they nearly dropped off the pins that supported them.

At this moment the other three boarders trooped into the room. Their faces showed some of the surprise they felt at Mrs. Smith's unwonted merriment, and that of the curate was expressive of righteous indignation as well.

"Madam," he said, "I fear you forget the solemnity of this day. As you know, the vicar is to call to see me with regard to that country charge at nine o'clock this very morning." And he subsided into his chair lowering his eyes with the modesty he ought to have felt.

"Yes," added Miss Niggles. "I scarcely know why he should come here for an interview with you. I rather think that his visit is intended for the encouragement of active church workers like myself."

"Oh, no—He, he, he!" shrieked Mrs. Smith. "Ho, ho, ho! It's awfully funny, but I really think it's me he's coming to see. He, he, he! As you know, Mr. Speen, it was the dear vicar (bless his heart! He, he, he!) who brought you here, and he has always taken the keenest interest in my welfare. Dear old man, he is so funny. Ho, ho!"

Miss Niggles and the curate looked at one another in blank dismay. Then the former tackled her saucerful of breakfast food.

Her smile was almost sweet after she swallowed the first spoonful. She began to laugh in sympathy with the shrieks from Mrs. Smith by the time she had finished the second, and after devouring a third she wheeled round in her chair, held out her finger in the most kittenish manner possible right in Mr. Triptree's face and remarked with great emphasis: "Ho, ho, ho!"

"Madam," replied that gentleman looking up from his paper, "Madam, I think you must have gone mad. I have never seen such astonishing behaviour during all my life in the City, and my experience has been wide."

With a snort of contempt he turned upon his saucerful of breakfast food, his mutton chop whiskers bristling with injured dignity. But he could not resist the first magical mouthful. Scarcely had it crossed his lips when he turned to Miss Niggles, the frown gone from his brows and an arch smile playing about his mouth. He bolted three spoonfuls more before he paused, and when they had crossed his tongue he gave vent to a shriek of merriment, turned his chair round to that of Miss Niggles, raised his forefinger and shook it knowingly at her.

"You are so funny," he said, "do you know, Miss Niggles, I could never be angry with you."

"You ridiculous old man," replied Miss Niggles, with a yell of laughter in which she opened her mouth so wide that her dentist's masterpiece fell into her lap, "that's exactly my opinion of you."

She shook her finger at him again, and he replied by poking her playfully on the shoulder and saying "Kee—ee!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Smith had been laughing so heartily at nothing in particular that she had fallen off her chair on to a little kettle which bubbled upon a spirit lamp beside her. The lamp fortunately was extinguished by the water, and the lady was not scalded owing to the thickness and the voluminous folds of her dress.

Far from being put out by this little incident she seemed to find in it fresh food for mirth, for she sat on the floor with a hand on each side shrieking: "If someone does not throw a basinful of cold water on me or show me a picture of a graveyard I'll die of laughing."

The curate had viewed these proceedings at first with mild bewilderment, but at length he came to the decision that the people had gone mad and that it would be his duty to call in the assistance of the police. He determined, however, to eat his breakfast first in case someone should do it in his absence. He was just pouring some cream into his saucer when Miss Niggles, apparently tiring of grimacing at the old book-keeper wheeled about in her chair, caught the loose skin that hung beneath the curate's under-jaw and shook it playfully.

"Oh, you are thuch a funny thort of giddy goat," she said, for her dental loss had made the lady's articulation indistinct.

"Poor thing, poor thing!" said the curate. "But be brave, my dear Miss Niggles, under your affliction."

No time must now be lost. His breakfast must be eaten and the police fetched; so he raised the spoonful of dried cereals to his mouth. It had scarcely tickled his throat when he began to think that the others were not so foolish after all; that they were in fact rather sensible people to take life so merrily, and by the time he had finished his saucerful he was gently clapping his hands and beaming upon Miss Niggles, while that lady strutted in a kind of cakewalk round the chair which she had vacated.

The old book-keeper was meanwhile jumping up and down on the sofa greatly endangering its rickety springs, but perhaps Mrs. Smith did not realise the possible consequences for she shouted "Go it, Trippy!" and, placing the tea cosy on her head, rocked backwards and forwards as if she were practising some new type of physical culture.

The curate felt that he was not taking a sufficiently active part in the proceedings, so he crossed over to the coal scuttle, rubbed his right hand on the inside of it and then, looking in the mirror above the mantel-piece, covered his face with a patchy blackness.

He next did the same thing to Miss Niggles, and, far from objecting, that lady only remarked: "We're much better coons now. Plinny, come kiss your baby; kiss your baby, do."

They were shrieking with laughter when a ring came at the door bell, but the servant kept the visitor waiting till she had changed her dress, which occupied her at least ten minutes. During this time the elevating effects of the beans had worn off, and when the Vicar, for the visitor was he, was shown into the room its occupants, all except Bertie, were sound asleep.

Miss Niggles sat upright in her chair; the curate was on the floor beside her, holding her hands, with his head in her lap. Mr. Triptree had at the first oncoming of slumber slipped from the sofa and fallen across the rug, where he now lay with his head in the coal scuttle; Mrs. Smith had flown to his assistance but had herself been overcome even as her hands touched him, and had fallen across him.

The vicar gazed about him in absolute amazement.

"What in all the world does this mean?" he asked Gibbons, the only other wakeful person in the room. "I am astonished to find my own curate, and others whom I have always regarded as eminently respectable, in such an abominable state thus early in the morning."

Bertie thought for a moment of the disastrous effects his foolish prank might have; how the curate might lose the country charge he had set his mind upon, and how Mrs. Smith's trade might be seriously injured.

"I'll tell you all about it, sir," he said, "if you will meanwhile refresh yourself with this little saucerful of breakfast food and milk."

The vicar had already broken his fast, and did not believe in excess, even when tempted to it by flattened grains of wheat; but Bertie insisted and presently he devoured the fatal three spoonfuls. Leaping from his chair he shouted that the sight before him was too funny for words, and as Miss Niggles opened her eyes he pointed his finger at her, grinned and said, "He, he, he! Miss Niggles. Who'd have thought it of you? He, he, he!"

Her brief slumber, however, had banished the humourous effects of the beans from Miss Niggles's senses, and she was now looking on things as soberly and acidly as was her wont. She stared at the vicar in astonishment, then she glanced at the mirror, and a moment later was in her bedroom thinking things out.

The next to wake up was the curate, and he proved once and for all that business aptitude is not incompatible with the wearing of the cloth. Snatching the least artistic text from the wall, he wrote upon the back of it: "I solemnly promise to overlook the happenings and doings of this eventful morning," and handed it to the vicar for signature.

This document is now stored away in the bureau of a country parson, and is treasured as the only example of the vicar's signature prefixed by the words: "Certainly, my boy," and followed by: "I'll die with laughing. He, he!"

CRITICS IN THE CROWD.

Football players receive their £4 a week because of their special knowledge of the game and their deftness in turning that knowledge to account in practical play. Yet every spectator in a football match, though perhaps he has himself never kicked a ball, considers himself competent to criticise the expert player.

The position is not so ridiculous as one at first glance might suppose. In India it is the custom at all football matches for the referee to station himself in a little wooden structure placed for his convenience outside the field of play, and from this point of vantage to watch the game. It is asserted by the supporters of this method of refereeing that a man is better able to see things from a reasonable distance than when he is close upon the players themselves. In the same way the man in the crowd has a chance of seeing openings that may be entirely unnoticed by a player.

PLAYERS *v.* PUBLIC.

Criticism, however, has its limits. When a forward gets the ball there is usually a yell of "Feed So-and-so," or an order simply to "Get rid of it." The amateur critic regards it as an axiom of football that the play of all forwards should be collective, and that any individual effort that a forward may make is only a proof of selfishness.

If you think it over, however, you will see that the player must have observed these things himself, and that he must know the usual theory as to feeding his partner. An acute forward knows that his opponents will expect him to pass, and he know that his wing partner is consequently so well covered that it would be quite hopeless to give him the ball. By keeping it himself for a time he gradually draws off the espionage of the advance, thus leaving an opportunity for a pass to be made with some hope of success.

This is but one example. In the course of a good match you will observe many such. When a player does not do the obvious thing it is worth while watching him carefully for the chances are ten to one that he has some neat little scheme up his sleeve. A famous International once said that it was always his lucky flukes that were most lustily cheered, while his neatest play was almost invariably unnoticed by the crowd.

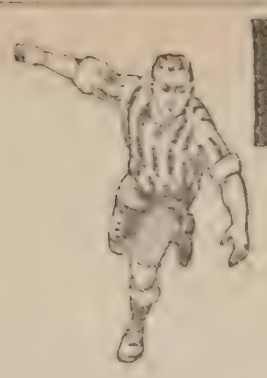
BRAINS WANTED.

Any old football enthusiast will tell you that play has not improved during the past twenty years. There is now less individual display, and it is generally recognised that the success of a side lies in combination, but it is still the custom for the management of a club to allow its men to take the field and play pretty much as they like. Combination is admitted to be a good thing, but it is not sufficiently practised.

We shall see no great improvement in football till the various teams are drilled at practice and taught exactly how to combine. Two forwards who are not particularly brilliant might be taught to combine in such a manner as to break down almost any defence. They would have to be coached by old Internationals, and criticised as unmercifully as the oarsman who is training for a 'Varsity boatrace. They would not like it particularly, but the results at matches would justify their tribulation on the practice field.

In Rugby there has been much study of combination both in Wales and in the Colonies, and tactics and strategy have been developed to a high degree in the American game, which is but an adaptation of Rugby; but so far a thorough study of combination in regard to Association play has been almost totally neglected.

Some day one of our crack clubs will break off from the old-fashioned methods and will study play as they would a game of chess. Then we shall have a spectacle as interesting as the old matches when dashing individual play was so popular. At the present time individualism has been crushed out, and we have got nothing in its stead.



Kicks

SOME REMARKS ON THE GREAT GAME.

WASTING TIME.

There is an increasing tendency to lessen the spectacular effect of football by time-wasting tactics. A goalkeeper may waste a considerable amount of time over his kick-off, and by thus lessening the period of play may save his side from being defeated.

In the same way kicking-out is much abused. To hinder play and so win a match may be perfectly free from any charge of bad sportsmanship, for it is a thing that is done in cricket as well as in football, and by amateurs as well as professionals; it is nevertheless a regrettable practice, for it makes a slow game, and it is not that which the public pays to witness.

The remedy lies in the hands of the referee, for he can, according to the laws of football, allow for time wasted. How much he is to allow is left entirely within his own judgment, and it is a pity that referees do not more frequently put this law in force.

GAMBLING ON FOOTBALL.

In certain quarters there is much excitement at the present moment in regard to the growth of betting on the results of football matches. The Home Secretary has been communicated with and the Chief Constables of the large towns have received instructions on the matter. What these instructions are it is difficult to guess, for any Friday you may see the football bookmaker distributing his slips either openly or surreptitiously outside any of the large works in the Midlands or the North, and on Saturday morning after the hands have been paid you will observe him collecting their bets.

Gambling is doubtless a foolish thing, and it does not tend to elevate the sport in connection with which it is conducted, but it is difficult to see why the Football Association should become so excited over the matter.

It is said in some quarters that the growth of gambling on football gives the players a temptation for crooked practices, in other words tempts them to make their side lose. This is all nonsense. If a player makes a bet on an Association match he is committing a penal offence, and it is unlikely that he would jeopardise his living for the sake of a few pounds.

MALPRACTICES SCARCELY POSSIBLE.

Horses are sometimes nobbled in order that they shall lose a race, but the nobbling of a player could not serve anyone's purpose. The bets are generally made as to the exact number of goals each side will make, and it is impossible for any bookmaker, however unscrupulous, to engineer matters so that a definite result may be secured. In gambling on a horse the betting is whether this horse wins or loses; there are but two alternatives. In betting on a football match the wager is scarcely ever made as to whether a certain team will win or not. If such a wager were made, without any reference to the exact score, the odds would be so very low that it would not be worth risking imprisonment in order to bring about the desired result.

The present system of football betting is much less propitious to malpractices than horse-racing, for the combination of several clubs under one bet, and the definite scores of individual matches make fraud scarcely possible. It is like betting not whether a horse will win, but the number of yards by which it will win—a thing impossible to forecast or to engineer.

WHY ACCIDENTS OCCUR.

Anyone who has followed football for some years, and who reads the newspaper reports carefully now, must have observed how much more frequently accidents occur than in the old days. The causes of the increase in the casualty list are several.

In the first place the players are trained more severely to-day than they used to be; it is safe to say that half the players are over-trained. The men's muscles are consequently stiffened, and a stiff muscle is much more liable to be strained than one which has not lost its elasticity.

One must remember also that ten years ago clubs thought nothing of postponing a match if the ground were in bad condition. Nowadays we play when the ground is positively dangerous.

STUDS AND STRAINS.

The third and perhaps the most prolific cause of accidents is the innovation of wearing studs instead of bars on the sole of the boot. The studs certainly give the foot a better grip, and make it possible to play on ground which would otherwise be too slippery to give a decent footing, but it is this very grip which causes many a strained knee.

When a player wearing studs traps the ball, and an opponent kicks it, the leg of the first man is rigid, and is likely to suffer the full shock of the kick. In the old days, with bars on the sole of the boot, the player's leg was simply knocked from under him and no damage was done. A kick on the leg when the foot is firmly fixed in the ground by means of the studs is extremely dangerous, for the chances are that the knee will be wrenched and an injury to that joint, however slight, may be the means of terminating a player's career.

DISAPPEARANCES.

From time to time there have been sensational disappearances of footballers, and their friends have talked darkly of foul play, but the police in such cases seldom trouble very much about the matter. They have a shrewd idea where the missing footballer is likely to be found.

A talented Welsh player suddenly disappears from his native town or village, and the astonishment of his acquaintances is heightened when they observe how calmly his immediate relatives are taking the loss of him. Instead of insisting on the police making every search, they announce that there is little cause for anxiety as they are sure their David can look after himself.

As a matter of fact David Davies is probably at that moment playing for some North of England team as John Jackson. The supporters of the team doubtless wonder where he learned his football, and they may even have read of the disappearance of David Davies, but Jackson keeps a close mouth, and the main thing after all is that he can play well; whether he be an angel disguised does not greatly matter to his new team or its supporters.

THE LANCASHIRE LAD.

Nowadays it is, of course, forbidden by the authorities to bribe a player to leave his club and sign on with another. But though no club dare bribe a player openly there is good reason for supposing that substantial inducements are offered on the quiet.

An amusing story is told in this connection. A certain Lancashire player had long wanted to go abroad, but he had not been able to scrape together the funds which he considered necessary for a start. He was doing his best in a Lancashire team when he was approached by a Southern League club and also by a Lanarkshire club. From both of these clubs he accepted a very substantial bribe, but he was never seen on the grounds of either. As soon as he got their money he booked a passage to Canada and left not only the two poaching clubs but also his own club in the lurch. His disappearance also was regarded as very mysterious till the true facts leaked out.

J. GILROY.

WOODCRAFT.

SECRETS OF THE MOOR AND MEADOW.

By woodcraft the sportsman means that knowledge of the habits of game and that cunning which enables him to match his skill against their instincts. The man who is a dead shot at a still object discovers when he tackles game that he has much to learn. His aim is all right, but he lacks woodcraft.

The first thing to learn, a fairly obvious but an extremely important point, is to aim in front of the bird, allowing for the time your pellets take to travel through the air. Misses are generally due to not aiming far enough in front, and if you examine shot birds or rabbits you will generally find that they have been struck behind the middle.

Just how far to aim ahead can only be learnt from experience, for everything depends on the speed of the bird. A pheasant coming down with the wind in its favour is travelling twice as fast as if it were battling its way against the breeze, and so in the former case you must allow twice as much as in the latter. Remember too that some guns have quick triggers and some slow, a circumstance which also makes a difference.

If a bird is soaring up, try and hit it while it is still rising. Its upward progress is necessarily slower than when it is coming down, and consequently it is an easier mark.

On a moor a winged bird may fall anywhere, but in a country where there are hedges it makes for the nearest one. If you have no dog and are doing your own retrieving, make straight for the hedge before the bird alights so that you may get in another shot in time.

The desire to have a large bag is generally sufficient to urge the sportsman to follow up a wounded bird and give it his second barrel; if he thinks about it, humanity demands the same thing. To leave a bird to die at its leisure shows heartless neglect, for wild things are tenacious of life, and a wounded bird will linger on for days.

In shooting partridges the beginner is hopelessly flustered by not being able to decide quickly enough which bird of the covey to aim at. When the covey rises pick out one bird and make up your mind to have it. Don't bother about the others.

The flight of the black-cock is deceptive, owing to the fact that it beats its wings very regularly and slowly in spite of travelling at an enormous pace; consequently it is apt to be clear away before your pellets arrive at the spot where you calculated the two should meet. Another thing about the black-cock is his wonderful pluck and strength. This bird, if hit in the body, will very often fly off with the pellets to die elsewhere, showing at the moment no sign of even having been struck. The vital parts of the bird are the head and neck, and it is there that you should contrive to hit the black-cock.

The snipe has been named by many as the most difficult of all British birds to bring down. The fact is that snipe are too scarce in this country to get enough practice with them. In India where snipe are plentiful a man soon learns to pot them. The secret is that the bird should be shot just after it has made its first curl from the ground.

In rabbit shooting, try to hit while the game is running past you and not away from you. A rabbit struck on the hind-quarters is likely to drag itself into a hole ant out of your reach. Perhaps the greatest trouble in connection with rabbitting is the management of the ferret. Most men make the mistake of grabbing the ferret suddenly, and not unnaturally it looks upon you as an enemy and fastens its teeth in the ball of your thumb.

Speak to the ferret and then take it up gently. If the ferret should actually lock his teeth in your hand, it is useless to try to pull it off by the back of the neck. Reply in kind by squeezing one of his forefeet with the fingers of your free hand till he lets go.

G. S. PARDY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PRIDE OF PLACE.

It is not often that you discover a candid motorist, but still they exist. The other evening I asked one of them why motorists despised pedestrians and cyclists, and he gave as his reason—it was not an excuse—that motorists were simply human.

"When you are seated in a high-power car," he said, "you feel a keen contempt for every person who is travelling at a lower speed. A tramp who is sitting on a fence or at the side of a ditch arouses no animosity within you, for he is no sort of competitor; but let the tramp be walking on the road and you at once experience an exultation at possessing a speed so much higher than his, and you despise him for being so slow. Possibly he is walking on the correct side of the road, and so you cannot excusably run him down, so you just shave him as closely as possible and then say 'parp-parp!' with your hooter to frighten the life out of him."

REFLECTED GLORY.

Cold-blooded dog as this person is I am yet convinced that there is something in what he says, for I have observed the contempt with which the driver of a hansom cab regards the humbler driver of the four-wheeler. The driver of a char-à-banc taking a picnic party to the country has a similar contempt for the man who steers the penny 'bus. The man who is mounted on a cycle of this year's model inwardly despises the man whose machine is obviously a few years old.

It is not mere snobbishness, for these same people would, many of them, scorn to think ill of poverty. Their feelings and behaviour are due to the fact that there is a sporting triumph in their possession. They feel that some of the glory of their machine is reflected in themselves, just as a man who would not be guilty of swagger at any other time may put on side if he is walking out a magnificent bull-dog.

HORSE-SHOE PINS.

I believe that sportsmen are as a class inclined to be superstitious. Luck seems to play so important a part in most games and sports that those concerned scarcely like to deny its existence. Why should two men be cycling together and one have a couple of punctures while the other has none, and why should the disabled cyclist as soon as he gets his machine to rights promptly have another puncture, while his companion continues to ride safely?

Chance, of course, pure chance. Nevertheless we are tempted to court the happy chance by indulging in some little superstition or another, and I imagine that the wearing of a horse-shoe pin is the most common development thereof.

THE SEARCHER FOR LUCK.

In this connection I recall the story of a man who was nailing up a horse-shoe above his front door for luck. He was getting on very nicely, and his wife was holding the steps for him, but unfortunately he missed the nail and hit his thumb with the hammer.

The pain for the moment was so excruciating that, purely by reflex action, he threw the hammer behind him, seriously wounding on the head a policeman who chanced to be passing.

Then he started shaking his wounded thumb backwards and forwards in the air, quite forgetful that he was standing on the top of a pair of steps. His wife had let go, owing to the language he was using, and his shaking brought the whole contraption down.

The top of the steps cracked the panel of the door, which the landlord eventually insisted on being replaced by the tenant. The man himself hit his head on the lintel as he came down, and the cat, a fine Persian, which had been watching, foolishly allowed its tail to be in the place where the steps landed. After that it was a Manx cat.

SPORTING CAREERS.

When you are young and discover that you have rather more ability at a certain sport than most people possess, you are very much tempted to adopt this particular sport as a means of earning a livelihood. If you yield to the impulse you are running off the rails.

A lifelong acquaintance with sportsmen of all kinds induces me to come to the conclusion that playing for a living does not pay. There are exceptional cases, of course, and we find, particularly in North of England towns, several successful shopkeepers who have made fame in the football field a stepping-stone to business success, but their present position is chiefly the result of their own well-directed efforts outside the realm of sport.

On the other hand I have in mind several boxers at one time idolised by a wide circle who have now fallen to be bookmakers' snatchers on racecourses. Their work is to gather round their own particular bookie and snatch the betting slips when winners present them for payment.

There is again an old footballer, once well known, who makes a precarious income by writing dull articles for the newspapers; he knows he is not a writer, but he is too old to play football, and the pen is the only thing that stands between him and poverty. The other day I had pointed out to me a decrepit little man who was sweeping the road; once he was a jockey, and on a memorable occasion rode the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup.

Sport is entertaining as a sweetheart but very bad as a life's partner.

FROM FAME TO FAILURE

If you come to think of it, the business side of sport is necessarily uncertain, for it is unnatural. Games and sports are but amusements, and the public never take them so seriously as to remember their cleverest exponents when once their day is past. As a professional sportsman you generally have a pretty good time while it lasts, but it does not last long, and there follow years upon years of poverty and regret.

The worst of it is that the professional does not see this till too late.

It is positively dangerous for a young fellow to show exceptional brilliance in any branch of sport, and I have often consoled myself with this thought when I found my own best performances in certain pastimes well below mediocre. Had I been clever at those particular games I might now be a bookie's snatcher or a scavenger. Who knows?

THINGS MISSED.

If we were all fatalists we should not worry about the chances we have missed in the course of life; but then we are not all fatalists. Generally we blame ourselves for the lost opportunities, and the nice instructive books such as are presented to little boys who study more than is good for their little heads, strenuously uphold this view.

More often than not the lost chance would have been lost in spite of our utmost endeavours. It was just one of those things that happen, undesirable things, but none the less inevitable. So far as I possess a philosophy it resolves itself into an effort to obtain a brighter outlook on life, and I have a method—illogical I doubt not, but satisfactory—by which I bring myself back to a state of complacency when my mind centres on lost chances.

It is just this. I cast my thoughts back to my schooldays, and recall the faces and names of as many of my companions as I can. Then I reflect on the careers of those who have been considerably less successful than I have. It may seem savage to take even this passing delight in the misfortunes of others, but I have found the comparison as a rule grateful and comforting, when my mind has turned on self-recrimination.

YOUR EDITOR.

The Statue

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

ISAAC SPEAIGHT.

Immediately the yacht rounded the headland, he raised his glass and saw the statue silhouetted on the top of the hill against the setting sun. It was impossible to hazard any guess as to the quality of the detail, but the statue as a mass was pleasant to the eye.

"I told you, Greening," he said to his captain, "that we should have our reward for entering this bay."

He was a man who liked to do things differently from other people. He had given orders that the yacht should be moored here for the night, simply because from seaward the place looked absolutely uninteresting and even dismal; the channel was narrow and, the tide being out, there showed at each side of it hideous mud-banks that smelt none too pleasantly; the bay had promised to be equally uninviting, and therefore he had come into it to explore.

You might have called his conduct eccentric rather than original, but he was fond of analysing all aspects of character and he would have told you that his was due largely to the fact that his father had married a daughter of Greece. From the one he inherited an English title, from the other the gift of tongues, a slightly artistic temperament, and a very keen eye to the main chance.

Sir Acland Morris astonished the critics by being an artist as well as a baronet; he astonished them too because he managed to make art pay handsomely; he would have astonished them more had they found out how he did it.

Part of his life he spent cruising about the coasts of Italy, Turkey and Greece, always choosing those places which were left alone by the tourists, and in such spots it was his good pleasure to unearth choice pictures and statuary, which he would then exhibit as his own in London, to receive the plaudits of the critics and the multitude.

The sight of the statue outlined against the red sky suggested a pleasing possibility, and when the yacht had anchored he ordered a boat to be lowered and immediately set off for the little village which nestled at the end of the valley.

In the village inn he and the landlord drank good wine, and after some ingenious questioning he learned that the statue stood on the little farm of one Pietro Mura.

"The English milor will find Pietro disagreeable in the extreme," said the landlord. "He is the scion of an old house and the farm has been owned by the family longer than there are records of; possibly it is the remembrance of this, combined with the fact that he is now obliged to earn a living by growing and selling vegetables, that makes his temper so uncertain. But his daughter! If he is the storm, she is the sunshine. I must not spoil milor's pleasure by describing the play before he sees it, but I can promise him that his climb to the top of the hill will be well rewarded."

Inwardly digesting this, Morris returned to the yacht. In the morning, accompanied by two of the men carrying a large basket, he climbed the hill and visited the little farm of the market gardener.

He introduced himself in the most satisfactory manner by buying vegetables for the yacht and never so much as murmuring when Pietro charged him six times what he ought to have paid. The basket was filled, and when the men had departed with it Morris requested that he might be favoured with a closer view of the statue. Pietro reflected that possibly the yacht might want vegetables another day, and so he consented and led the visitor through a little vineyard to an open space where the statue stood.

It was the figure of a man and a horse, vaguely recalling Watts's embodiment of physical energy, but infinitely superior.

Possibly to the eye of a connoisseur like the unscrupulous Sir Acland Morris, it had one little blemish—an emerald of considerable size which adorned the front of the horse's bridle. The rest of the statue was weather-dulled bronze, unornamented in any way, and the jewel seemed trumpery and unnecessary. But on the whole Morris was satisfied, and he offered the market gardener a substantial price.

"Milor forgets," said Pietro, "that this statue has been on our property for generations. I will not sell."

Morris pressed him, but he was obdurate, and led the way from the enclosure back to the bending road that sloped down to the village.

They were saying good-bye when through the gate came a girl good to look at. She was carrying on her shoulders a yoke from which hung two buckets of water, but at sight of the stranger she set these on the ground the better to make her curtsy.

That was the beginning. The yacht kept anchored in the bay for a week, and every morning Morris came to the little farm with two of his men for vegetables. Every evening he climbed the hill alone and saw the girl in the vineyard when her father was sleeping.

Englishmen had always seemed to her the possessors of very weak eyes and very sandy hair; otherwise she liked them, the few that she had seen. But Morris was different. Black hair and eyes he had inherited from his mother, and he combined these with the gigantic stature of an Englishman. To the mind of the simple Helena he was exactly what a man should be. At first she was reserved and timid, then frankly affectionate, and finally tearful when she learned that presently the yacht would take him away.

Morris comforted her with the assurance that when he went she would accompany him, and at this she brightened. To be a great English lady was a joy she had never dreamt of, and in place of sobs there came laughter and gesture, as she described the gorgeous dresses she would have made for herself. Then as suddenly her face darkened.

"My father would never let me go," she said. "Since my mother's death his character has been strange. Sometimes I think he is a little mad. At all events he has sworn that no man shall ever take me away from him."

Morris had foreseen this trouble and had prepared himself against it.

"We do not wish to quarrel with him," he said, "and it would be best, therefore, to keep him in ignorance of our attachment till you are safely on the yacht. In less than a day we shall reach Naples and be married at the English church. Then we shall sail straight for home and your father will be powerless to harm us. I should like to leave to-morrow, and we can easily do so if you empty this little bottle into his mid-day wine. It will do him no harm, but will make him sleep till evening and we can go in safety."

Helena took the bottle, kissed it, and placed it in the bosom of her dress.

The sun was at its height next day when Morris climbed the hill. She met him at the gate and announced that her father was sleeping soundly beneath the verandah; he had taken all that was in the little bottle. Her few belongings were in a handkerchief, and she was ready to follow her lord.

He drew his arm through hers and led her down to the beach into the waiting boat and on to the vessel. A cabin had been specially prepared for her reception, and into it she was shown, delighted at the luxury about her. Then Morris told her that he had some business to transact in the village before weighing anchor, and requested that she would patiently await his return. To this she agreed, and he turned the key in the door for greater security.

The sensation in the village was pronounced when Sir Acland Morris informed the landlord of the inn and those assembled there that he had purchased Pietro's equestrian statue and was about to remove it to the yacht. It would be troublesome to bring down the hill, and a score of men would be required besides his own crew. The twenty were soon enlisted, ropes had already been brought from the yacht, rollers were improvised, and the statue was safely removed from the top of the hill, floated out to the yacht on a substantial raft of planks, and hauled aboard with the steam crane.

Darkness had fallen before this operation was completed, for the treasure had to be handled carefully and without undue speed. When Helena came on deck at Morris's request she did not see the statue, for a sail had been hung over it. He informed her that her father had recovered from the sleep sooner than he expected, and that he had told him frankly of their proposed elopement; to his surprise the old man was not displeased, and only requested that he might have the privilege of saying good-bye to his daughter and giving her his blessing; he was waiting now at the inn, and she had better return alone for the interview.

Morris knew how to invent and tell a lie skilfully and convincingly.

She believed the pretty fiction and he helped her down into the boat and watched it beach. He saw her step out and make her way towards the inn. Then, acting on his orders, the boat came back and was hoisted on deck; then the yacht sailed away.

* * * * * * *

"Yes," said Morris as he sat in the garden behind his London studio and looked at the statue, "it will make me proclaimed as the greatest of modern sculptors. I don't like to interfere with a masterpiece, but we must get rid of this emerald. No modern sculptor would dream of putting in such a thing and it would at once betray me."

He took an instrument, placed it beneath the emerald, and levered it up. It sprang from its setting with little trouble, but it appeared to be fixed to a thin rod which extended from the back of it into the horse's head. Morris tugged harder. Then there came a crashing blow and he fell dead on the lawn.

It was many hours later till they found him, for the thing had been done in absolute silence.

The mystery was a simple one to solve, for the police found the jewel in the man's grasp and observed the rod and the wire coming from it into the body of the statue; they also saw that the spear in the horseman's hand was covered with blood.

It was a pity to damage a work of such beauty, but in the interests of science a section was cut where it would show least, and an examination was made of the interior of the statue. They found that the bodies of the horse and rider were hollow, and that by a simple arrangement of wires and levers any attempt to pull the emerald from the horse's bridle would immediately bring down the spear of the rider upon the thief. Historians had a thoroughly delightful time in connection with the matter, arguing and lecturing and writing foolish things, but eventually most of them agreed that the statue had probably been designed by one of the Borgias, who was known to have had a villa close to the particular bay where Morris found his treasure.

One spectacled professor went in person to the spot, where he learnt how Morris came by his acquisition. Knowing this, he wondered why the girl wept at his news. But to the wise as to the simple these things remain unsolved problems.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

To gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.
—BURNS.

[Mr. Macnaughten is a well-known London merchant, whose advice will, I feel sure, be both interesting and useful to my readers. He agrees with me that it is fruitless to preach ambition, for this page will not be read by those who lack that quality. He will therefore confine himself, and those writers whose work he edits, to pointing the way in which my readers' ambitions may be most speedily realised.—ED.]

EXACTING A RISE.

As it is in the interest of the workers rather than of the employers that I am writing these articles, I shall make no apology to the latter for betraying the surest methods by which increased salaries may be extracted from them. I take it that no employer really wishes to give a rise, for no man wants to part with good money if he can help it. The reason why a rise is given is because the employer regards it as the less of two evils, the other being that he must lose a good man.

In any large concern you are probably under some man who has not the power of granting an increase. If you apply to him you saddle him with the unpleasantness of repeating your request to the actual head of the concern. It is his policy to keep down expense, and he does not care to invite disfavour by asking that your salary should be increased. You should never apply in that quarter at all. Go direct to the head of the firm and put your case before him.

Never ask for a rise on the ground that you have been with the firm a long time. Length of service counts for very little with the modern employer. Let your request be based rather upon the quality or quantity of your work.

If you are a man whom he can readily replace he will let you go rather than increase your money, but I am supposing that you are really worth more than you are getting. You have therefore to suggest as delicately as possible that you will be obliged to go elsewhere if he does not meet your wishes.

The best way to put it is to say that you like working for the firm very much and would be sorry to leave it, but that if you have reached the limit of your usefulness it would probably be better for both parties that you should do so. Such a statement cannot be considered rude, and it implies exactly what you want to convey. He will weigh your rise against the cost of getting and breaking in a new man, and he will probably decide in your favour.

Perhaps your work is no better than it ought to be. Then as a necessary preliminary you must set about improving it. If you are in a position where braininess counts you can devise some new scheme for increasing the firm's business. If you are only an average worker you can increase your output or do overtime. To be able to say that you have done more than you are paid for, is a very strong argument why you should have an increase.

One of the quickest ways I know of getting a rise is to apply to a rival firm for a post similar to the one you already occupy. If you obtain from them the offer of a better salary than you at present enjoy you may then take the letter to the head of your firm, point out to him the generous offer that has been made, and say that you feel it your duty to yourself to take advantage of it. I believe this system works even more infallibly than that of building up a character for sound work. You are playing upon your chief's sentiments of jealousy, and usually he will not only give you what the other firm offers but something more to stop on.

This method is efficacious but daring, and I have known men come croppers through it. One man obtained such an offer from a rival firm, showed it to his chief, was given an increase to stop, and wrote to the rival firm announcing that he could not come to them after all. A fortnight later he was sacked, and the other firm which might have employed him would not now do so because he had already disappointed them. You may trifle with your employers but it is always at considerable risk to yourself.

The most amusing instance that occurs to my memory in this connection was the case of a man who did not even go to the trouble of applying to a rival firm. He typed a letter purporting to be an offer, and when he took it to his chief was promptly told that he had better avail himself of it as they could very well do without him. As the offer was a bogus one he found himself in a very nasty hole indeed.

I feel it my duty to caution all who may ask for a rise against the danger of being fired. "Very well, Mr. Brown," your employer may say. "Your work does not justify me in giving you an increase, and I am sorry you are not satisfied. I do not like to have dissatisfied men about me, so I think you had better leave." You must safeguard yourself against such a reception by seeing to it that your work is of the best.

TEA-MONEY.

One of the injustices under which the clerk labours is that of having no fixed rate at which his overtime shall be paid for. At present it is a matter which is left wholly to the generosity of his employer.

In many London offices you are considered to be sufficiently remunerated if you are allowed a shilling for tea-money even if you have stopped as late as eight o'clock. Tea would not otherwise have been a necessity to you, as you would have reached home in time for the meal, so you must deduct the price of your tea from the shilling in order to see how much you have been paid per hour. The minimum cost of tea, bread and butter in a London tea shop is fourpence, which means that you have been paid eightpence for your two hours of extra labour.

This price is grossly inadequate, for these two hours are more valuable to you than two ordinary working hours. By being kept at the office till eight your whole evening is spoilt. Amusements you may have planned, classes you may have proposed to attend have to be cancelled, and all for eightpence.

It is a very simple matter to calculate how much you are paid each hour of your ordinary working day, and I maintain that a clerk should be paid for overtime at the rate of time-and-a-half at least.

DROP LOCAL COLOUR.

One's nationality is a bore and a nuisance to those of a different nationality and the signs of it cannot be got rid of too soon.

If you are a Scotchman working in London refrain from boasting of the fact. Judging by precedent your chances of success are enhanced by your nationality in this case, but you will only arouse opposition by emphasising the fact that you are different from your fellow workers. Keep it up your sleeve, and let your nationality be your secret joy.

The man who has just come oop from Lancashire will tell you how much better everything is managed in Warrington or Manchester, and you feel that if things there are as good as he says he ought to have stopped at home. You put him down as a braggart or an ass.

You are quite right in being proud of your birth-place but you cannot expect other people's opinion to coincide with yours in this matter. Therefore, keep it dark.

THE YANKEE RE-ORGANISER.

WHY HE IS GOING HOME.

A few years ago British newspapers began to use more readable type, a thing they copied from their American contemporaries. This change was distinctly good, but the adaptation of Yankee methods in other respects was not successful. The page which is covered with uninteresting photographs framed with meaningless lines and ornaments, attracts the American public but not the British. This is a fact which experiment has shown.

The Americanisation of advertisements was the next step. Here also we had much to learn in regard to the display type, but nothing in regard to the letterpress. Some of our advertisers grabbed at the claptrap method of the American tradesman, but they only succeeded in giving the public the impression that the commodity advertised was not sound.

There seems to be something of the cheapjack about the American advertisement, and, though the public do not trouble to analyse their thoughts, it is this that turns away their patronage. So our advertisers have returned to their old methods of quiet argument, although they have retained the brighter type and more dashing display which they learned from across the water.

The most interesting development of the Yankee invasion has been the installing in many London businesses of American re-organisers. To pay a man so many thousand pounds a year in salary is a very good investment if he can bring you in that number of thousands and a few more. The plausible American succeeded in making staid British merchants believe that he could not only bring in cent. per cent. profit on his salary, but could actually double their turnover.

If he had been an out-of-work clerk seeking an appointment, and had advanced this as an argument why he should be preferred to another competitor he would have been laughed at. By asking thousands of pounds in salary, however, he immediately arrested the attention of the merchant, and in many cases succeeded in obtaining an appointment.

I suppose these gentlemen must have been well aware of their lack of ability, for in all the cases that have come under my notice they were sufficiently far seeing to require a contract covering several years, in some cases even ten. The contract signed and stamped, they were ready to begin business.

Then they butted in to re-organise. Some businesses were in a bad way, and could not stand the financial drain of the new methods for more than a month. Some, more wealthy, opened their purse strings wider, and only returned to their old system when they had given the experiment a full and fair trial and had discovered that they were rapidly losing the bulk of their custom. But all, so far as my experience goes, eventually came to the same conclusion, namely, that America is America, Britain is Britain and the methods of the one are wholly unsuited to the other.

We are not lacking in enterprise, and are perfectly ready to give a fair trial to any scheme or system that may improve our trade; but it is not the American who will devise such a system. His ways are right enough provided he has fools for customers, but over here the public are uncommonly long-headed.

The firms experimenting with re-organisers learned these bitter truths, but the contracts kept their hands tied.

Thus we find in several London offices American hustlers with gigantic salaries now doing the same work as 25s. a week clerks. Against the business acumen of these young men in securing such posts at such disproportionate remuneration I have nothing to say, but I can picture to myself the smile of satisfaction that will suffuse the troubled features of our disappointed merchants when the time of contract expires and the American hustlers may be personally escorted to the front door. C. ATTREE.

The Gipsy — After Dark

The shadow of a starless night was thrown,
Over the world in which I moved alone.—SHELLEY

He has solved the great problem of life, has your gipsy. All his days he spends an existence of his own choosing; most of us work at some uncongenial labour for fifty years in the hope of leading the life we like during the remaining ten. The gipsy sees the folly of that, and he knows the superiority of his own system.

His day is spent in the comparative idleness of driving his basket van; on the back end of one of the shafts he sits, more asleep than awake, for the horse knows the rule of the road, and there is small need for watchful driving.

Lazily the hours pass, and in the evening the man is still fresh. Wisely he has kept himself so, for there is work to be done, not hard work that he would have to nerve himself to face, but work which is in its nature sport, at which he is eager to get.

TAKING HIS PLEASURE.

When he has unyoked the horse and tethered it on a piece of waste ground well off the road, he lights a fire and his pipe, smoking contentedly while the women prepare the supper.

The meal finished, he makes ready for the night's business, the country being by this time wrapped in darkness. As he rises to his feet his lurcher dog stretches himself; he is as eager as his master to be off, but he knows better than give the slightest bark of joy. By day he has guarded the van while his people hawked the baskets; that was his work, but now his play is at hand, and he slinks away behind the man as the latter is swallowed up in the night.

He crosses one field and then another. The country here is new to him, but all the earth is similar, and he picks his way as if he were on known ground. The dog's turn has not yet come, and he waits patiently beside the man, turning his nose towards a distant farm where a sheep-dog is barking, but making never a sound in response.

The man pulls a bunch of wire snares from his pocket and rubs them with earth, so that they shall not smell of the human touch. Then he pegs them carefully in some rabbit tracks, the shadows of which he can see against the lighter shade of the longer grass.

This done, he steals along the hedge till he reaches a meadow bordering a stream. The feeding here is good, and the rabbits scamper away at his approach. The dog makes no attempt to catch them for he knows the distance is too great.

THE HUNTERS.

Close beside where the rabbits were thickest there is a moss-grown stone dyke, and on the top of it the hunters take up their position, crouching. For half-an-hour they lie there motionless, peering into the darkness. One by one the rabbits come back, and presently the man utters a word.

Off goes the dog. By straining his eyes the man can see him bolting and turning. Then there comes a grab and a short squeal; another rush and again a rabbit's death note.

The man is satisfied, and, stowing the warm bodies in his pockets, he orders the dog to heel and retraces his way towards the camp. Carefully he avoids the field where his snares are set, for it would be unwise to disturb the rabbits there yet awhile.

Presently he comes to a stout fence. Green wood smokes and splutters, but here is something that will burn to perfection. Drawing a short saw from his breast pocket, he sets to work on the paling, while the dog scampers round in a wide circle, stopping sometimes to listen, and ready to rush back with his warning at the first sound of an approaching footstep.

To-night there is no interruption, and the man saws diligently till he has as many lengths of wood as he can carry. Heaping them on his shoulder, he continues his journey.

He is crossing a field, silently as is his custom, when without fuss or noise the lurcher darts from behind him. From the blackness comes the mournful wail of a bitten hare, and presently the dog lays the prize at his master's feet.

FOWL WORK.

Five minutes later and they are back at the encampment. The spoils of the chase are given to the women to store for next day's food; some of the wood is also hidden away in the caravan, and the rest is heaped on the fire, for the night is cold.

The youngsters are now asleep, but the man's work is not yet finished. With the dog at his heel, he once more sets off, this time in the opposite direction. For a bit he keeps to the road, but at last he sees a house standing away to the left, and he makes for it across the fields.

He speaks to his lurcher, and it vents a loud bark of challenge; but there is no reply from the direction of the house, so the man moves forward.

A little reconnoitring shows him that the people have with fastidious taste placed their hen-house at the bottom of the garden, a position which exactly meets his requirements. Another moment and he has forced his way through the hedge.

FROM PEACE TO TUMULT.

The door is unlocked, so he lifts the latch silently and steps in. There is an alarmed clucking and a stir of wings, but his work is soon over. Seizing two of the plumpest roosters by their necks, he throttles them then and there. By this time there is a wild hubbub, and he prepares for retreat.

Plucking a handful of feathers from his booty, he throws them on the floor, for thus will the blame be cast upon the foxes. Then he darts out, carefully latches the door behind him, pushes himself through the hedge and returns across the fields at a sharp trot, the dog loping easily behind him. When he reaches the high road he stops and looks back. A light is moving in the garden, for someone has heard the fowls' alarm; but they are too late, and the man laughs.

ON, ON, FOR EVER.

When the van is reached the birds are safely stored away, and he throws himself down to sleep, but not to dream.

With the first peep of day he is up again and off to the field where he set his snares. Three stand undisturbed, but in each of the other six there is a fat rabbit. Already his larder is supplied, but in the next town he can readily find a market for his spoils.

With which comforting thought the gipsy returns to harness the horse, and resume his endless wanderings. GIBSON BETTS.

HAW AH YAH?

Observation of the customs of the "hupper succles" leads one to the conclusion that "Haw ah yah?" is the most correct form of greeting. It is given with a tone of inquiry, but it is doubtful whether an answer is expected.

The Yorkshire "How art tha, lad?" or the American "Mornin' sonny!" from their very unconventionality possess a heartiness unknown to the world of fashion.

The greeting "Glad to see you!" ofttimes contains a bigger lie than could be embodied in any other four words. Where it taxes the conscience too much, the safe and non-committal "Fancy meeting you!" might be substituted.

SOME PUPILS.

BY A TEACHER OF BOXING.

One might suppose that those who take up the sport of boxing would be possessed of native pluck, for it is not the kind of game best calculated to attract the weaklings. Many of my pupils have been young fellows of spirit, but quite a number have revealed themselves as absolute cowards.

I suppose to the timid mind there is something dreadful in being faced by an expert with the gloves on. The pupil knows that the tutor has it in his power to hurt him considerably, but a little consideration would show him that it was not in the teacher's own interests to give him pain. It seems to me, however, that many pupils do not pause to think about the matter at all; they simply give way to blue funk.

My method of teaching is to show the pupil certain hits and guards for half-an-hour, and then to spar with him for half-an-hour, in such a way that he has special opportunities of putting into practice the tricks I have just taught him. The sparring is really the more important part of the lesson, but again and again pupils have asked me to forego it. I generally ask them, just for the fun of the thing, why they dislike the sparring; most tell me they consider it unnecessary to trouble with that, and calculate that a knowledge of the various blows and guards will be sufficient for their needs, but some have frankly informed me that as soon as they begin to spar they are overcome with blue funk. It is difficult to say why this should be the case for I have never yet hit a pupil hard and always count points by the number of taps and not by the weight behind. It is an interesting but unpleasant revelation of human character.

Although I have had many chicken-hearted pupils, these do not by any means constitute the bulk of my patrons. I have in mind one young fellow who lived out in the country thirty miles from the town where I teach. For each of the twelve lessons he cycled in, boxed with me for an hour and then without a rest cycled home again.

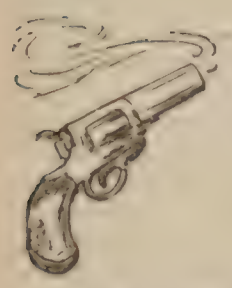
I have been astonished more than once at the spitefulness of some pupils. Amongst the blows which I expound is the well-known kidney hit. This blow should be used only in competitions or in the event of having to defend oneself from hooligans; it is a dangerous blow, and I always caution my pupils not to use it in sparring.

To encourage them to do their best I never guard myself very carefully, so that they may get home a few hits and make progress. It is thus not very difficult for a pupil to catch my left, spin me round and plant his right on my kidney, and more than once I have been made thoroughly sick, and thrown out of action for the rest of the evening, by a pupil putting on this blow. It is generally done through spite or in revenge for a tap which I have given him in some perfectly legitimate place.

When I first began to teach I was astonished at the number of invitations I received from pupils to accompany them to music halls, and I was also flattered at the way in which they would stop and talk with me in the street. I wondered at it rather, because they were mostly young gentlemen and I was not their social equal, but the explanation was given to me by one of those same candid pupils who admitted to blue funk. He said that he liked being seen with me in public because it gave the impression that he was a bit of a sport.

This feeling is not, however, shared by all. The son of a local banker wrote asking me to meet him at a certain street corner where he would be wearing a red rose in his buttonhole and would answer to the name of Jenkins. Needless to say I ignored this anonymous communication. Afterwards its author was introduced to me by another pupil, and he then confessed that he had imagined me the boxer of the comic papers, with a bull neck and bell-mouth trousers, and had been afraid to treat with me openly. G. GOWING.

Anthony North's Exit



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

T. C. WRIGHT.

Anthony North came home very early from the office that afternoon, and he worked busily in his library till far into the night. Into the blazing fire he thrust paper after paper, while Nick, his Scotch terrier, kept the armchair warm and occasionally blinked at his master approvingly.

The name of Anthony North was one to conjure with in the commercial world of London. To shake hands with him in a restaurant was to prove yourself a man of some importance, for the friends of Anthony North were without exception substantial.

The palatial offices of the Golden East Syndicate, under which title Mr. North transacted his business, were visited by men from all quarters of the earth, for, apart altogether from the architectural beauty of the building, the interior showed a degree of luxury which is unusual even in the offices of the wealthiest firms. From the stalwart commissionaires who stood at the door to the prosperous manager, the staff also exhibited an air of prosperity, for Anthony North believed in paying his people well.

And yet in spite of it all he now stood on the brink of ruin. A time of depression had come in his gigantic business as it is apt to do in a business of whatever size, and to tide it over Mr. North had done various fraudulent things—heartless things his victims would call them. He had forged bills, and the men whose names were concerned had communicated with the police. Within twenty-four hours Mr. North knew that there would be a period to his career.

He faced the trouble calmly, as was his habit with all business worries.

"It seems a hard thing," he remarked to the dog, as he tore up a private cash book and placed it in the flames leaf by leaf. "After living in the lap of luxury I don't know how you'll like roughing it, old boy."

The dog licked his master's hand, intimating that he held no anxiety as to the future, and Mr. North smiled and resumed his work of destruction.

He reflected upon the consequences of his collapse, and felt thankful that he had never married. He had no one dependent upon him except his employees, and they would doubtless find other work. Private friends he had none, and business friends are not in the habit of breaking their hearts at the downfall of an acquaintance.

It was shortly after midnight when he had cleared out the last drawer of his bureau. He rang the bell and a sleepy servant stifled a yawn and came into the room.

"James," said Mr. North, "I want you to see that Nick here has a very good breakfast to-morrow morning. He is coming with me into town, because I am going to send him to a very dear friend. You need not sit up longer."

James was duly astonished at the order, and he was taking considerable pleasure in the sensation that would be evident amongst his fellow servants when he made his news known in the morning. For years, in fact longer than most of the servants had been there, Nick had been his master's inseparable companion. It was said that when a new servant was being seen with a view to engagement the dog had a trick of showing his teeth, and his master, reading the sign, refused to have anything to do with the applicant thus blackballed. Nick was not popular amongst the servants, for they found him ill-tempered and snappish, and there would be no regret at his departure, but the surprise, James reflected, would be intense.

Mr. North slept as soundly that night as he had ever done, and in the morning he looked out from his window across the heath where the sun was playing on the trees and the grass. Nick jumped down from the basket which stood in one corner of the room, put his paws on the window-sill and looked out too. They seemed to understand one another thoroughly and to appreciate the solemn fact that they were in no wise likely to see Hampstead Heath in the morning sunlight again.

Nick was duly breakfasted and when his master stepped into the waiting motor-car he jumped in beside him and squatted on the opposite seat without invitation. The chauffeur, like the other servants, had already heard of Nick's departure, and he expected that he would be commissioned to take the dog to Mr. North's friend, but when they reached the end of the journey Mr. North left the car and stepped across the pavement to his office door, the dog trotting at his heels.

The news soon spread about the office that Mr. North had a dog in his private room, and various were the surmises as to the purpose of its presence there, for the founder of the Golden East Syndicate had always been famous for the ceremony with which he transacted business and for his observance of the strictest office discipline. That he should bring a dog with him to business seemed to the clerks a peculiarly flippant thing to do.

"I believe he's going beagling or coursing or something," remarked a book-keeper, and the suggestion raised a laugh, for Mr. North was well past the prime of life and his inclinations were anything but sporting.

The dog remained in the office during the lunch hour, and about two o'clock Mr. North returned for him, conducted him into a motor-cab which had been summoned and conveyed him to Euston Station. There he gave instructions that Nick should be despatched to the company's Liverpool Station, addressed to Mr. Francis Gardiner, and kept till called for.

His parting with the dog was brief and unemotional.

When Mr. North came back to his office he drew packet after packet of papers and book after book of memoranda from the drawers and shelves, and burnt them. He had scarcely finished his work when a commissionaire entered his room to inform him that it was six o'clock and the motor-car was at the door. Mr. North looked round the room as if he desired to form a lasting mental photograph of it, and then departed.

As he descended in the lift he observed many of his clerks walking down the stairs chatting brightly, glad that the day's work was done. They were as has been said prosperous-looking young men, and they looked for the most part very self-confident, even from their patent leather boots to the white expanse of their collars. Mr. North wondered vaguely how they would look to-morrow morning.

He ordered his motor to stop at a gunsmith's in the Strand, and there he purchased a revolver of a heavy pattern, with only a dozen cartridges. He mentioned his name incidentally to the shopman, for he wanted the man to be able to give definite evidence.

It was half past six when his car drew up at the door of his mansion. As he crossed the threshold the footman observed, as he swore afterwards, that he appeared to be suffering from great anxiety, a fact which was corroborated by the butler, who to his surprise found at dinner that Mr. North had for the first time in his experience wholly lost his appetite.

When the meal was finished the butler came into the dining-room unexpectedly and saw something like a revolver in Mr. North's hand, but the latter put it away so quickly that the man could not be absolutely certain.

Presently Mr. North betook himself again to his library, where he sat in an arm chair waiting patiently, watching the hands of the clock on the mantelpiece. It was now a quarter past seven. At eight o'clock the police would come to arrest him. He had had this information from someone inside Scotland Yard, and he counted upon its being infallible. When the clock pointed to half past seven he roused himself, put on a cap and left the house. The footman watched him cross the road to the Heath, and wondered greatly, for his master had not been in the habit of going out after dinner.

Below stairs an animated discussion was going on as to what could have happened to induce Mr. North to alter his mode of life so suddenly. The cook gave it as her opinion that he must be in love, but the butler came nearest the mark when he pronounced his finding that millionaires always had uneasy minds because they didn't make their fortunes honestly.

If the servants had enjoyed some excellent food for gossip and surmise during that day, they learned just on the stroke of eight o'clock a fact that would stand out with them as the leading sensation of their lives. A cab drove up to the door of Mr. North's mansion, and an inspector and three constables came up the steps.

They were assured by the servants that Mr. North had gone out, but while one of the constables remained at the door the three others made a minute search from cellar to attic. They found nothing. Then the inspector began to fear that his man might have got wind of the danger in store, and, too late, he resolved to take the footman's word and search the Heath in the direction indicated.

It was now perfectly dark, and their search proved so difficult that the inspector was about to order his men to return to headquarters even though by so doing he was admitting himself baffled. Suddenly one of the men observed a body lying at the side of the path.

They crowded about it and congratulated themselves that if they had not captured their man alive they had at least been half successful for he had not quite escaped from them. The face of the dead man had been blown away, but there could be no mistaking the clothes, and the inspector while searching his pockets discovered several letters addressed to Anthony North, Esq.

Such was the dramatic end of Anthony North and the Golden East Syndicate, so far as the public ever learned.

* * * * * * *

Early next morning a man giving the name of Francis Gardiner called at the London and North Western Railway Station in Liverpool and asked whether they had a dog for him. Nick was extravagant in his joy at the re-union, for he recognised his master even though the latter had shaved his moustache and side whiskers and was now dressed in tweeds of a pronounced check.

"Poor old Nick," said Mr. North, as he and the dog drove together from the station to the landing stage. "I don't know how you'll like living in America, but you would not have me leave you behind, I know."

The dog poked his nose into his master's hand.

"It was a nasty business, take it all over," Mr. North continued, "and I thought my nerve would give way when I fired into the face of the dead man after I had taken his clothes and put mine upon him; but it had to be done, for he was not at all like me. I ought to thank my luck that I found a suicide on the Heath so opportunely. It simplified matters very much, and I have little doubt that you and I will long live to enjoy the money I cabled yesterday to New York. You will never give me away Nick, will you?"

And the unjust Nick wagged his tail in signification of his full approval.

DESERTERS

But they mostly come—

Back to the army again, sergeant.
Back to the army again.

It is a notorious fact that during the first six months of life in the Army every young soldier thinks himself foolish to have joined. By the end of that time he has learned his work, and finds the Army very nearly as good as the recruiting sergeant represented it to be, but during his initial period his thoughts centre chiefly round projects of getting back home, and sometimes he puts them into operation.

It was probably some such homesickness that lay at the back of the escapade of three young recruits in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. They were stationed at Ballcollig barracks some five miles from Cork, and one winter night the three young men hid themselves in the stables and waited till the sentry came alongside.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Without a sound they threw themselves upon him, bound him hand and foot, tied a handkerchief round his mouth and left him stretched out in the barrack square. Then they took three horses from the stables, made their way out by the eastern gate and galloped off into the darkness. They had not gone very far when they were met by a corporal of the regiment, but they disregarded his challenge and continued their headlong flight.

The ugliest part of this adventure was that in the meantime the sentry was in grave danger of perishing with cold. He kept himself warm as best he might by rolling from side to side. At length he succeeded in removing the handkerchief from his mouth by rubbing his face against the ground and he shouted lustily for help, but for a good half-hour none came.

Finally the corporal who had encountered the fugitives entered the square and unbound him. By this time the sentry was almost dead from exposure.

The corporal reported what he had seen, a picket was immediately sent out, and the recruits were finally captured after a lengthy chase.

SYSTEM OF DETECTION.

In a country district the deserter has very little opportunity of escape, and his chances are not appreciably greater in towns. In every city of moment there is some person, generally a police sergeant or inspector, who makes a speciality of the capture of deserters; and he allows it to be known to all public-house loafers that he is willing to pay a shilling for information that will lead to the arrest of a deserter. The soldier who finds himself in unaccustomed liberty is apt to talk of his exploit, and he is listened to attentively and apparently sympathetically by one of these loafers, who will presently make off and earn his shilling of blood money by laying information against him.

Such was the fate of three privates of the West Riding Mounted Infantry who were camped a short time back at Longmoor near Petersfield. Their names were Lavender, West and Cooling. One Sunday afternoon the trio asserted that they had been ordered to go to Liphook to fetch some remounts, and on this pretext they secured three of the best horses in the stables. Once mounted, they boldly rode away from camp. At nightfall they had not returned, and inquiries were accordingly made but no news either of the alleged remounts or of the vanished troopers came to hand.

Next morning the men were posted at the barracks as "Missing" and the aid of the civil police was called in. The fugitives were dressed in khaki, and one would have thought that they could easily have been traced. The police did in fact manage to track them as far as Guildford, and later on information came that they had been seen riding through Wandsworth, but beyond that no information was forthcoming.

It was not till after the deserters had enjoyed three days' freedom that the Greenwich police were told by a loafer that the fugitives were there, and they were promptly arrested and sent back to their camp. They have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that their escapade stands in some respects as a record: they rode sixty miles in one day.

On this occasion the military authorities issued special instructions to every recruiting-sergeant to keep a close look-out for the men. This is a precaution always taken since the escapade of Lieutenant Tryon. It will be remembered how last year he disappeared from his regiment at Dorchester. He was traced to London, but all that the authorities could learn was that he had one night left his hotel and had failed to return.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Three weeks later he was discovered by chance in Edinburgh Castle, where he had enlisted as Private Fraser in the Seaforth Highlanders. One evening a corporal was reading an illustrated paper which contained a photograph of Tryon; he was so much struck by the resemblance to the new recruit that he laughingly challenged Fraser with being the missing officer. To his surprise the latter admitted that such was the case. Information was immediately given to the colonel, and Tryon was arrested and sent back to his regiment.

For boldness and ingenuity the escape of a trooper of the 16th Lancers would be hard to beat. It happened last year and he was then only twenty-two, and a smart-looking young man withal. Clad in mufti he deserted his regiment at Aldershot and visited a motor works in Guildford, where he announced himself to be a doctor who was on the outlook for a good car, and the firm willingly sent a driver and tester with him for a trial spin.

THE DASHING LANCER.

He visited Woking and called at several houses, informing the driver that he had to see some patients. Then he drove on to Aldershot, picking up two other Lancers on the way and giving them a lift as far as their quarters, and in the evening he actually visited an officers' mess. Finally, telling the driver to meet him at the Wellington Hotel next morning, he dismissed the car and stayed in Aldershot for the night.

Next day, instead of keeping his appointment, he drove in a cab to Farnham, hired a motor-car in that town and set off for London. The Guildford company meanwhile had become anxious concerning an overcoat which they had lent their prospective customer, and so they gave information to the police. The Lancer was traced to Farnham, a description of the motor was telephoned to London, and at Hammersmith his car was stopped and its daring occupant arrested.

MUD LARKS.

The most amusing desertion on record was that of a Marine who did not relish the prospect of two years' service in China with the *King Alfred*. The night before she was due to sail he scrambled over the side and tried to cross the mud to the shore, but after floundering for some distance he stuck fast. By this time his escape had become known, and a midshipman and party of sailors were sent to bring him back; but before they reached him his pursuers also stuck fast. With a praiseworthy sense of humour under difficulties the Marine then pelted his enemies with handfulls of mud, a playful little game which he kept up till a rescue party was despatched armed with planks; these were laid on the mud, and finally quarry and pursuers were pulled out. None of them had that soldierly appearance which the authorities expect even in Marines.

H. GRAY-REID.

THE RUDDY COUNTENANCE.

HOW TOWN WORKERS CAN GET IT.

Probably there is no possession of the countryman so much envied by the city worker as his ruddy countenance. Sometimes it exhibits such a brilliant hue of red as to appear almost luminous at a distance, but it is so thoroughly indicative of health and good spirits that everyone wants to possess it.

The city worker can never fully attain it. He may cultivate it partially, but the conditions of his life forbid his becoming possessed of it in the highest degree. We see ruby countenances in towns, but they are mainly due to drink and are not to be confused with the other type to which I have referred. The one is the colour of healthy blood; the other resembles a mixture of blood and ink, and is as indicative of a dangerous state of health as the other is of physical soundness.

I should say that the first essential for the cultivation of a healthy colour is the consumption of a large amount of meat. The various cranks have preached at us that fully half of what we eat is unassimilated and becomes merely waste and they urge us to eat as little as we can do with; but, as Professor Halliburton has pointed out, it is not nature's way to deal in minimums. The infant finds at the natural source of its milk supply ten times as much as is required for its nourishment in the building up of its tissues; what is more, it consumes the lot. A sufficient indication this that nature justifies our eating more than the minimum that would keep us in condition.

If further argument against abstemiousness be necessary, let me point to the case of the Hindoos; it is a notorious fact that the well-fed Englishman can withstand the ravages of disease infinitely better than the self-denying and merely sufficiently fed native. I shall undoubtedly be challenged by vegetarians for the statements I here make; but their pallid faces form more striking arguments against their theory than the most scathing things I could write.

Added to a generous diet at all times, I should advocate the drinking of a glass of milk between meals when it is obtainable. Milk is very quickly and easily assimilated, and, if taken an hour and a half before eating, will be thoroughly digested before the stomach is called upon to do its harder work.

The digestion must be kept in efficient order by the consumption of a sufficiency of fruit and vegetables. I am well aware that many people indulge in daily pills but this is a habit which is extremely deleterious to health. These matters can be regulated by diet and should never, except by the instructions of a physician, be tampered with in any other way.

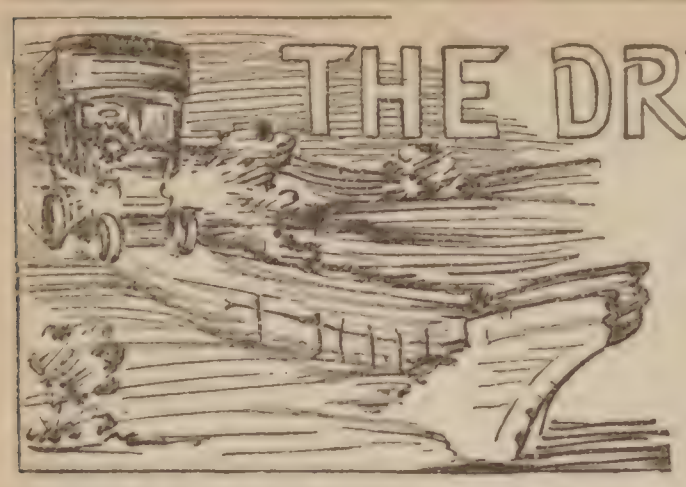
Exercise in the open air is another necessity to the seeker of the ruddy countenance. Indoor gymnasiums are convenient, but always dusty, and very often poisoned with tobacco fumes—not that I condemn smoking, but when smoke is taken into the lungs during exercise it penetrates to delicate tissues which it would not otherwise reach.

Cycling, walking or rowing are amongst the best of exercises, and are the most suitable for our purpose. Even a ride on the top of a motor-'bus or tram has its healthful virtues. Apart from the fresh air which is taken into the lungs under such conditions, the rapid passage against the wind has a directly stimulating effect upon the skin of the face.

Get as much fresh air as you can by keeping your office window and your bedroom window open. Never worry; keep as bright an outlook on life as your screw will allow. Treat yourself like a horse, having regular and wholesome meals, taking sufficient exercise at specified times, and indulging fully in the baths that are the human equivalent to the equine grooming.

Don't experiment with fads. The food that is generally served on our tables is capable of yielding all the sustenance we need.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.



THE DRYFIELD 'BUS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ERNEST TUCKER.

When the motor 'bus started to run between Dryfield and the neighbouring town old Tom Brown, owner and driver of the horse 'bus that had served that road for a generation, jeered at his rival. The thing would break down a hundred times in the course of a journey, he prophesied; it would never tackle the hills of that route; country folks would be afraid to ride in it; even if they were once tempted to make the experiment, they would be shaken up so thoroughly that they would never ride in it again. Such were his forecasts.

But like many another prophet old Brown was proved wrong by events. The women of Dryfield, when they went into the town to do their marketing and sell their eggs, nodded to Tom as he sat waiting for his 'bus to fill, and then they stepped laughingly into the larger and newer vehicle which stood behind him. They felt like gentry, riding in their own motor-car. The journey was done more quickly, and gave them more time for gossiping in the town, and it cost them not a penny more.

Tom observed, and began to understand.

For several weeks after the opening of the new service Tom drove his 'bus into and out from Dryfield as before. His only passengers now were those who through laziness or accident had missed the motor, and as country people generally make a point of being at least thirty minutes before time, these were few and far between—so much so, in fact, that old Tom began to see that his 'bus was doomed. He did not take enough to buy fodder for his horses. If he had been provident enough to put aside a nest egg he would willingly have used it to support himself and his wife, and would have run the 'bus just for the satisfaction of not letting the motor have an undisputed field; but the family stocking held no reserve.

He stuck obstinately to his box seat, denying himself beer and tobacco and even the requisite amount of food, in order that his scanty resources might last as long as possible and enable him to keep on the road, for he hoped that the motor 'bus would some day either explode or fall over itself.

At length, however, he observed that Mary, his wife, was also stinting herself, and after much cogitation he came to the conclusion that his day was past and that the sooner he sold his 'bus and horses the better. He accordingly had them put up at auction in the town, and pocketed the few pounds he got with just about as much satisfaction as he would have done the price of a child, no more.

The motor service was the idea of Mr. Hardwick, a builder who was rapidly making a fortune in the town, and who cast envious eyes upon Dryfield. If only there were speedier means of communication, he argued, land at Dryfield would become valuable, for it lay high and many of the townspeople would doubtless like to live there; so he quietly bought up a good deal of ground in the village, had the motor 'bus built, and set it running. In the eyes of old Tom he was first a fool and later a fiend incarnate. In his own opinion he was one of the implements of civilisation, a man who made money and possibly benefited more people than he damaged in doing so.

With the utmost husbanding the price which Tom got for his stock began gradually to dwindle away, till at length he and his wife were faced with the unpleasant prospect of having nothing to eat and of being unable to pay the rent of their cottage. Tom had tried hard in the interval to get some work to do, but he was old, and employers argued that he had been too long his own master to make a good servant and so they left him out.

"We mustn't let Jim know the troubles we're in," said his wife, as they sat opposite one another beside a tiny fire one evening. "He'd be sending us every penny he gets, and, poor chap! they don't give him any too much."

"I'm beginning to think I'm an old fool," Tom answered her. "I used to hope that Jim would drive the 'bus when I was done with it, but nothing would please him but going and being a Hussar. I'm glad now the lad took his own way, for there wouldn't have been much for him to come into."

Presently he put on his cap and went out for a walk in the dark in order to try and get hot, for the fire was too scanty to warm him. Just as he closed the garden gate the bright headlight of the motor 'bus came shining over the top of the hill.

Tom watched it as it whizzed down and past him, and he shook his fist at the red lamp behind and the half-illuminated number.

"If only it would drop through the bridge there!" he muttered to himself. "The arch has long been in a bad state and I heard tell how they're going to begin repairing it next week. If only it would just give way when the damned engine is above it!"

It was an uncharitable thought, but his mind was in the exact condition for harbouring and fostering it. He dreamt that night that the 'bus was lying on its side in the stream, and the following morning he slipped down to the bridge and examined the pointing of the stones critically.

"There ain't much holding them together," he mused, and he crushed out some of the rotten lime with his thumb nail.

A few days later Mary made the announcement that they had eaten their last loaf and that Tom had better go up the hill to Dryfield and see about getting help from the parish.

It was a hard pill to swallow, but for her sake he put his pride in his pocket and set forth upon his miserable errand. As he made his way up the hill the motor 'bus came flashing down sending a spark or two of mud over him as it passed. He stopped and watched it once again taking the bridge beneath his cottage, and the wish that there would be a disaster now became a craving. It would be a solace for all his misfortunes.

But the 'bus passed safely across and span quickly and easily up the opposite hill towards the town. When it was out of sight Tom continued his journey.

He was wholly unacquainted with the procedure of getting parish relief for he had never supposed such a thing would be necessary, and it was scarcely surprising that he reached the office of the parish clerk half-an-hour after that establishment had been closed for the day. He was almost glad that his errand had thus been postponed, and yet sick at heart for his wife's sake.

His wife watched him closely that evening for his manner had become strange. So far he had affected a certain amount of brightness in order to cheer her up, but his whole manner to-night was brooding and malignant. As soon as darkness fell he left the cottage and, taking an iron bar from a shed behind it, made his way down to the bridge. The structure apparently was not going to collapse in spite of the rumours as to its shakiness. He would give it a little help.

He looked about him to see that no one was in sight. A light was burning in Miss Fairbank's cottage on the town side of the bridge but it was not likely that either she or her servant would be about at this hour. Slipping over the bank he dropped down on the shingle beside the stream, thrust his iron bar between two of the stones as high as he could reach and jerked at it lustily. One gave a little; then it fell from its place and splashed into the water.

Another and another! The loose stones of the rickety bridge came tumbling down before his crowbar, for to-night his muscles had a giant's strength. The fallen stones were already damming up the water as he slipped round beneath the arch to serve the other side in a similar manner.

Scarcely had he left the archway when there was a grating sound behind him. Then came a rumble and the bridge toppled down into the stream.

Tom scrambled up the opposite bank, almost horrified at the result of his work. His one thought now was where he would hide himself to watch the coming catastrophe. To go indoors and wait would be torture. To stand at his own cottage gate might lead to suspicion. He therefore elected to throw his iron bar into the wood and make his way past Miss Fairbank's cottage and up the hill townwards.

He had gone about a hundred yards when he heard the peculiar crick-crick which a heavy motor gives when its gear is changed. He strained his eyes to the top of the hill and saw a flicker of white light shining on the tree tops. Then came the blinding flash of his enemy's headlight.

Tom wheeled about and walked slowly towards the shattered bridge. He must witness the tragedy, and no one would suspect him if he were walking in this direction; it was not as if he were coming from the bridge.

Down came the motor 'bus with a rush. As soon as it was past Tom stood stock still to watch. If it kept up this pace it was bound to crash into the black hole that yawned below. It was difficult for him to calculate its speed for he was looking at it endways on, but his heart beat wildly as the idea was borne in upon him that the 'bus was slowing down. Could it be that the driver had seen his danger?

With a sudden jerk the 'bus came to a dead stop in front of Miss Fairbank's cottage, and that lady stepped off the footboard with her basket upon her arm. Old Tom ground his teeth as he saw how his well laid scheme had miscarried. They could not now get up a great pace for twenty yards or so and before then they must have seen what had happened.

It was as he feared. Scarcely had the 'bus started again when it stopped, and presently he could see the driver and passengers walking in front of it to look at the wreckage. Tom feared he might have been seen and considered it his best policy to walk on. When he came alongside the dozen men and women a voice hailed him, and he recognised it as that of Mr. Hardwick the builder.

"Hullo, Brown," he cried, "I was just going to stop at your cottage, but I'm afraid now the bridge is down we won't get that far. However, what I've got to say can be said now. I want a head horsekeeper to look after my cartage department. It will be £2 a week. Will you have the job?" And Tom, for his wife's sake, once more put his pride behind him and agreed. It was better than the parish anyhow.

When he had finished speaking to the builder he observed that a soldier was standing beside him waiting to get in a word. Tom knew him in a flash. It was his son Jim.

"Hullo, dad," sad the soldier, "this is a pretty sort of accident to happen, but it's well we saw it in time. I managed to get a couple of days' leave, so I thought I'd run down and see you and the old lady."

Tom's face was a sickly white as he drew his son's arm through his and led him away.

"My God! If I had killed you Jim!" he said.

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THE TRAWL SKIPPER.

A SKETCH.

Your opinion of him will depend on your place of meeting. If you encounter him in his hours of ease it is not likely to be favourable.

When in port he makes a point of patronising the local variety theatre, for he wants to smoke and to drink regally. He also has a liking for taking some part in the general entertainment, and it is his voice that bawls the chorus of the last song while the curtain is down between the turns, his voice that howls a sarcastic jibe to a performer, and he who receives the inevitable repartee with all good will.

He smokes the largest and worst cigars, for he esteems them the very consummation of luxury. In fact, it is only on such an occasion as this that he smokes at all—other times he chews—and it is a testimony to the robustness of his constitution that the seven unaccustomed weeds he consumes this evening do not make him sick. He buys seven because they cost a shilling, and dealing in round sums saves the exertion of calculation. Moreover, with that number the tobacconist throws in free a pasteboard case, which looks much more prosperous than the usual paper bag.

To look prosperous is an ambition of the trawl skipper when he takes his ease. On his hand, stained with tar, hacked with old salt cracks and fat—because the whole man is fat—he sports a diamond ring. Probably you would put it down as an imitation, for one is apt to judge the value of a gem by the clothes of the person wearing it, and his navy-blue suit is of plebeian cut and cheap material; but you would be wrong. The ring was purchased at the sacrifice of many a spree ashore, and he holds it his chiefest treasure; it is to him, as her real sealskin jacket is to his wife, the hall-mark of gentility.

By the time the audience starts to rush for the doors, as if the National Anthem was hurtful to their ears, the skipper will be more than merry; he will be three parts drunk. It has cost him something to accomplish that end, for he is no novice at the game, and none but the strongest waters affect him. His experience is generally limited chiefly to them, and of the lighter liquors he has no knowledge nor the desire to acquire it. To a guest on board his vessel who invited him to have a glass of sherry from his flask, he replied: "That's some kind of wine, isn't it? No thanks, I'd rather not. I once tasted elderberry wine, but I didn't like it."

In spite of his condition the chances are that the skipper will reach his home or his boat without mishap, for he merely becomes hilarious in his cups, never pugnacious, and so the police usually leave him alone.

Next morning, if he is at the home port and has been spending the night in his domestic circle, he arrives at his ship with a white bag containing a change of berth linen slung over his shoulder. The diamond ring has disappeared from his finger and rests securely in his hip pocket; the last cigar has long since been smoked. The only hint of his late revelling is in his eyes and about his mouth, both of which show a firmness of resolve as if he were setting out on an unpleasant task urged by a sense of duty and determined to banish all thoughts of shore allurements from his mind.

Throughout the voyage he will keep himself to himself, and will not talk to the fishermen or deck hands on any subject except the business of fishing. The only person with whom he is on intimate terms is the senior of the two engineers, for he feels that the promoted shoveller cannot in any sense be considered a rival, being a specialist in a different sphere.

And so passes the voyage, the skipper issuing his orders without any softening of expression to suit tender susceptibilities.

Such is the trawl skipper, as diverse from the old-fashioned fisherman as is the chauffeur from the driver of the vanished mail coach.

FREDERICK AULD.

Fitting up a Den

A JOB FOR LEISURE HOURS.

Study, smoking-room, snuggery or den: the terms are but variants for the same thing—a place where a man can take his friends for a smoke and a chat.

In such a room there can be a merry bachelor party, a function that loses its flavour when held in the dining-room or parlour, with the inevitable restraint of the presence of the lady members of the family. Here also there is privacy for a bout with the gloves; here there is peace for cramming if there are examinations to pass; here the best books yield their full enjoyment, for there is no interruption to check the train of thought and bring the imagination back to earth.

The fitting of such a retreat is a labour of love to the man whose property it is to be, and if he is anything of a carpenter he will take a pride is manufacturing the furniture, not a matter of great difficulty, for the fittings of a den should be of the plainest kind.

Round two sides of the room, and in the window recess, if there be one, let him run a sort of bench, comfortably padded and wide enough to rest his weary limbs upon after an afternoon's footer. The timber-work must be strong, but it need not be costly; the wood for the legs and outer rim will have to be bought, but the planking for the seat itself can be cut from empty boxes.

THE USEFUL SISTER.

For the upholstery work you had better enlist the help of your sister; and she will also be useful in regard to the curtains. Let them be of the same material as the settee, and give the latter a hanging of its own round the front. The space so hidden will be handy for the storage of your cricket bag and other etceteras of sport.

For floor covering you had best have a square rug—art squares, I believe they are called. Their chief claim to consideration is that they can be taken outside and shaken when necessary, a distinct pull over the nailed down carpet, which in a smoking-room soon becomes objectionable from the dropped ash of the cigarette, and the soil that comes from muddy boots. Under the rug, and round about it, have the floor stained and varnished, or, to save expense, coloured with a strong solution of permanganate and polished with wax and turpentine.

At one side have a set of book shelves. These you can make with a little ingenuity, as there is no particular need for a glass door in front of them. Plane all the wood that is to appear on the outside and stain the whole affair, out and in, to a dark walnut brown. You can improve the look of the thing with a coat of varnish.

FOR YOUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Your next thought should be for a desk of the bureau type. If you feel unequal to constructing anything so elaborate, make a writing-table with a drawer underneath for the concealment of playing-cards, baccy and so forth.

Another table will come in handy for glasses and ash trays when you hold a reception, but don't have it big. A lumbersome table is a nuisance if you want the maximum of floor space, as you will occasionally for sparring or fencing.

A comfortable easy chair and a couple of small ones complete the heavy part of the equipment. Then the problem of adorning the walls presents itself.

A room looks more comfortable when the wall paper is not in evidence, so let it be your aim to get hold of many pictures. The amateur may with a little perseverance manufacture frames, not perhaps sufficiently trim to suit a drawing-room but quite good enough for a den.

If you are a photographer, enlarge some of your best snap-shots. Failing that, take some of the sporting and athletic sketches from the sixpenny weeklies, avoiding coloured supplements, as these are to be seen in so many different, and indifferent, households that you soon get tired of them.

If you feel unequal to making the frames yourself, you can purchase very cheaply some ready-made ones. You know the kind, with vile studies of flowers and caricatured waterfalls. The crudeness of the print does not matter a bit, for you can easily take it out and put in another of your own selection.

THE ROAD MAP.

A novelty in the way of mural decoration is the road map. Get a sixpenny cycling map of your district, mount it on cloth, varnish it carefully, tack it to a slip of wood at the top and a roller at the foot, and the thing is done. It will look very well on your wall, and will be at hand when you want to plan out your next cycle spin.

Somewhere you will find space for a hook to hang your hockey sticks upon. Slung up crosswise, they give the room just the necessary touch of the sporting element. You can have a similar hook for your fencing foils, and from it might hang your boxing gloves. They are better for not being stored away in a drawer, as on the wall it is easy for the perspiration to evaporate.

CUPS AND COLOURS.

Any cups or prizes you may have won for athletics, will find a place on top of the bookshelves; and, if you are a territorial, your rifle or carbine will repose in a corner.

Should you have any claim to colours, varsity or club, you may like to have a few cushions covered with the necessary stripes.

Now we have the den pretty well licked into shape; there only remain the more trifling fitments. Beside the mantelpiece you will want a pipe-rack, a thing comparatively easy to cut out with a fretsaw or penknife. You will get a picture of one in any big house-furnishing catalogue, where, by the way, you will also unearth many useful hints regarding the shaping of your bookcase and desk.

PEACE.

Your finest picture goes above the fireplace, and beneath this and resting on the mantelshelf you might have a long frame fitted to take a dozen cabinet photographs—portraits of the twelve best-looking girls you know.

With the happy thought that he has been instrumental in helping to make a comfortable den, and gazing in his mind's eye at the bachelor contentedly smoking and looking wistfully at those twelve photos on the mantelpiece, the writer will open the door softly and depart.

C. M. WESSON.

WHAT KIPLING WOULDN'T DO.

When Rudyard Kipling was a boy, he went on one occasion for a sea voyage with his father. Unfortunately, however, Kipling the elder was a poor sailor, and, before they had been twenty minutes on the ocean wave, he had to betake himself to his cabin.

The boy was accordingly left for a time to look after himself, and he made the most of his opportunities. He began his explorations in the galley, and continued them till the cook threw things at him; and similarly he entered and was ejected from the engine-room.

By-and-by the steward caught sight of him, and dashed to his father's cabin.

"Mr. Kipling," he yelled, "your son has crawled out on the yard-arm, and he'll be drowned if he let's go!"

"Yes," replied the man to whom for the moment life seemed scarcely worth living, "but he won't let go!"

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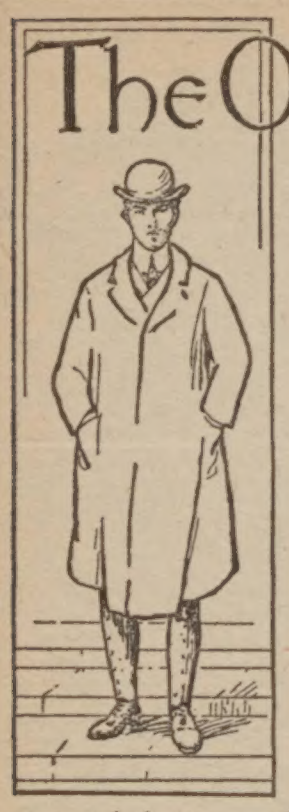
The Outer Man



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SETTING OFF CLOTHES.

Some men look better in a thirty shilling suit than others do in outfits costing ten guineas. The former have the gift of setting off clothes.

It is interesting to consider in exactly what this gift lies. I believe that something depends on the man's face, but most on his carriage and physique. He who is too short or too tall is never the possessor of this valuable asset. It seems to be the peculiar property of the man of medium height and athletic build.

I am convinced that physical culture can do quite as much for a man's appearance as can the tailor, and I would urge my readers to develop their physique as well as to study fashion and select a skilful knight of the shears.

But don't overdo it. The over-developed man simply looks fat, the ideal from a clothes point of view being he who is possessed of rather more than the average amount of muscle but whose carriage is not rendered stiff by being muscle-bound. I believe the more active type of sports rather than such things as weight-lifting would give the desired result.

RUBBER HEELS.

The average bootmaker will deprecate your using rubber heels; he affirms that they throw the weight on to the toe and spoil the shape of the boot. Be that as it may, no one who has ever experienced the comfort of wearing rubber heels is likely to dispense with them.

To accomplish their purpose to the fullest extent, however, rubber heels require some little attention. They should be removed from time to time, and any dirt which may have gathered between the plate and the rubber should be washed out. When you are screwing them on again you will find it best to apply a little vaseline to the thread of the screw. You can then force it home without much trouble, a task which the amateur is apt to find difficult otherwise.

It sometimes happens that the screw of a rubber heel becomes embedded in the leather and refuses to move. In such a contingency heat a poker almost red-hot and apply it, just for a moment, to the head of the screw. The heat will immediately expand the metal and when it contracts again it will come out easily.

If your rubbers do not lie flat to the heel of your boot, take them off and shave away the little mound of leather which has been raised by the screw.

WHY BROWN BOOTS GET MARKED.

Here is a useful little tip. I have always found it most satisfactory to wear black boots with certain trousers and brown boots with certain others. Generally this is a point which is settled by the colour of the suit, as black boots look well with some and brown are to be preferred with others.

The utility of the plan is this: By always wearing brown boots with a certain pair of trousers you keep the inside of the bottom hem perfectly clean, so that it will not stain your boots. If on the other hand you wear brown boots with a pair of trousers which you are in the habit of wearing with black boots, you will find that the inside of the hem has absorbed a certain amount of the black polish and has transferred it to your immaculate browns.

CLOTHES BRUSHES.

Clothes brushes are an absolute necessity to the well-groomed man, and he should make a habit of applying them to his clothes immediately he takes them off.

It is best to have a hard brush and a soft, the hard brush to be used exclusively for removing mud, and the soft for general furbishing and the gentle persuasion of dust. After being brushed, the suit should be well shaken, and it will be all the better if it is occasionally beaten with a light cane. This brings all the hidden dust to the surface and helps to freshen up the general appearance of the cloth.

In brushing clothes always brush downwards. The tailor cuts the material so that the nap runs in that direction, and to do the cloth the minimum of harm you must brush with the nap and not against it.

BAGGY KNEES.

It is all very well to pull up your trousers the necessary four inches every time you sit down, to press them nightly, and to keep them properly folded up when not in use. But the day will come when you observe with horror an undesired fulness at the knee. Drastic methods must be taken for its removal.

Let the trousers be turned inside out. Have a narrow ironing board passed up the leg and have the knees pressed with a hot iron, a thick white cloth being placed between the iron and the fabric. The iron must be lifted before the steam ceases to rise, as otherwise the trousers will be marked.

This treatment brings the cloth into its former condition and shape by contracting those parts that have been unduly stretched.

MUDDY BOOTS.

When you come in from a walk in the rain you will act wisely if you immediately remove your boots, tree them, and sponge the mud off, using if necessary a little saddle soap. If the boots are not immediately required they should then be laid aside, preferably at an open window, but on no account near a fire. In due course they will dry, and the trees will ensure their doing so to the proper shape. When the moisture has evaporated they must be well rubbed with a good polish, which will restore all their flexibility.

Where it is desired to have a pair of wet boots dried with the utmost despatch, I would recommend a tip which I once got from a gamekeeper. He was not in a financial position to run several pairs of boots at a time, and when he came in with wet boots he had to have them dry by next morning. His plan was to fill the boots with oats, which in the course of the night absorbed all the moisture from the leather.

Treeing is much better than this, as it keeps the boots in shape in a way that the filling of oats could not possibly do, but the hint may nevertheless be useful under certain conditions.

FITTING A SUIT.

It is bad policy to grumble about the time and trouble necessary for the correct fitting of a suit. For my own part I invariably pay my tailor three visits in connection with any one suit, the first to choose the cloth, the second to have the first fitting of the coat and vest, the third to try on the suit in an almost finished condition.

I have known some men give their tailors instructions that they must contrive to manage with only one fitting. Any such plan is unfair to the tailor, and a customer is unlikely to get as good a fit as he would otherwise have done.

If with three fittings a tailor does not give you satisfaction, you are entitled to cancel the order, leave the suit on his hands and go elsewhere. Such a course has been justified by a judicial decision. The tailor may possibly plead that the suit is a perfect fit, and the only way a matter of that kind can be decided is for the customer to don the suit in court, a proceeding which is not so pleasant as to be greatly sought after.

LEGGINGS.

It is, I imagine, something over ten years since I wore my first pair of puttee leggings. At that time they were considered a splendid innovation, and so they were—relatively. They were infinitely better than the old-fashioned, wide Newmarkets, but they were far from being ideal. What made the puttee leggings catch on was that they were the first tight-fitting sort to be introduced; the principle of their fastening was, and is, defective.

The front of an ordinary pair of leggings of this description simply will not keep straight; about two inches from the top there is the inevitable and annoying bulge that most of us know so well. It is due to the fact that the fastening strap does not pull horizontally but in a slanting upwards direction.

If you happen to have a pair of the kind I am speaking of, you might with advantage adopt a simple little wheeze that was shown me by a friend and that I have adopted with good results: Get your saddler or bootmaker to insert a narrow slip of thin steel between the lining and the upper leather; it should come just at the edge of the side that lies uppermost.

This will make the bulge practically impossible, but, as I have said, the puttee legging still falls short of the ideal.

OTHER FASTENINGS.

One of the most satisfactory leggings I know is that in which the fastening is made by five or six little straps and buckles on the outer side of the leg. The pulling here is evenly sideways, and there can be no bulging up. The front is left perfectly straight and neat.

The buttoned legging will never lose its popularity, but it is difficult to get a pair to fit you without having them made to measure, which adds a little to the price. No matter how extensive the bootmaker's stock may be, the chances are that he won't have a pair that gives just the right degree of tightness; and there is, of course, no regulating the fitting of a buttoned legging. Presently, when the leather begins to stretch with wear, you find that the legging has become too slack, and you may be obliged to have the buttons changed.

The buttoned style never gives you a perfectly clean front, as there is always a certain amount of bulging between the buttons, a fault which is shared by several of the patent fastenings that have recently been introduced.

TURNING OUT YOUR POCKETS.

Never, dear reader, let me conjure you, lay aside a suit while the pockets bulge with papers, cigarette packets, match-boxes and other things. Rest helps a fabric to regain its proper shape, but you cannot hope that it will do so if the pockets remain expanded.

It is wisest to make a practice of emptying your pockets before you undress, and laying upon your dressing-table the various necessaries that you are in the habit of carrying about with you. They are then handy next morning if you put on a different suit, and you do not find yourself in the uncomfortable position of discovering that you have left your latch-key at home. Even if you are wearing the same suit two days running, it is better for the suit to have the pockets emptied.

GLOVE FASTENINGS.

For my own part I do not like gloves with stud fastenings, they always seem to spring open just when you least want them to do so.

The old-fashioned button fastening is thoroughly reliable, but I should advise you to entreat the good offices of a lady friend to strengthen the stitching of the tapes which keep the buttons in place.

The best of the newest kind of fastenings is that in which a piece of elastic is introduced inside the wrist. This keeps the glove sufficiently close and entails no trouble in putting on. If the glove is built of stuff that lasts, it may be necessary for you to have the elastic renewed.

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